



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

CARMEL CYMBAL

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FIVE CENTS

MASTEN'S FOLLY

Masten's lack of originality in the appearance of his newspaper is going to count against him. Last week we found one of them in the trash barrel at the post office. Presumably someone thought it was THE CYMBAL.

ST. VALENTINE'S

Scattered a bit through the first four pages of THE CYMBAL this week are some delicious sentiments inspired years ago by the arrival of St. Valentine's day. They are all taken from old lace Valentines, owned by Mrs. Carrie H. Bassett, and bequeathed to her by the Rockwell family. They are on display in the window of the Corner Cupboard.

INTEREST IN AN AIREDALE

Columns on front pages of newspapers are devoted to the tribulations of a little airedale dog who sickened almost to death because of absence of his master, while men and women and children throughout our country are suffering for lack of food and in other parts of the world are being cruelly crushed and killed by war.

It looks as though the suffering airedale is given publicity and public concern out of all proportion to what he is entitled in comparison with the cries of human travail.

But it is not sympathy for the poor dog that principally arouses the public interest. It was not the suffering of the man who was buried in a Kentucky cave several years ago that moved the newspapers of the country to devote columns upon columns to the efforts of his friends to reach him and save him. It is the human interest in contest; the human thirst for news of effort to reach a goal. It marks the excitement of a ball game, the fever of map-making in the course of battles.

Can they make it? Can they reach the man in the cave before he dies? Can they get the airedale to his master before he starves himself to death? Can the course of events reach its objective?

How many non-British, non-French, but also openly anti-Nazi, can deny the thrills they experienced last year as they marked on the newspaper maps day by day the stirring advance of the German forces toward Paris and the North Sea?

The excitement of the battle of man or beast to forge forward, to win, to gain an end, is ever with us. Only with a conscious effort can we bring forward the nobler emotions that thrill to the efforts of those who strive to block the progress of a race, be the goal right or wrong.

THE COUNCIL'S NECK IS OUT IN "WHITE CEDARS" PLAN

The city council is sticking its neck out on this city hall-at-"White Cedars" proposal—way out.

On first glance it may have looked good, but on a second and more deliberate scrutiny it looks pretty bad.

It is pretty bad. The council proposes to shatter its own laws with the plan. And it's one of its pet laws—the zoning law. It got a woman fined \$100 only a few months ago for violating this same law. And it is quite insistent that the city attorney keep on the tail of those who

(Continued on Page Two)



We offer Carmel the valentine so delightfully pictured below. It looks saucy. It probably is saucy. But in this day and age even sentiment gets a bit perky. Her name is Louise Welty. You can see her in person, saucy and all, as "The Girl of Golden Gulch" at the First Theater in Monterey.



'The Girl of Golden Gulch' on Now At First Theater in Monterey

"The Girl of Golden Gulch" opened last night at the First Theater and will play again tonight and Sunday. It will also play next Friday night, Saturday and Sunday nights, Feb. 21, 22 and 23. This is another triumph to add to the list of good melodrama that the Troupers of the Gold Coast under Denny Watrous management have produced. Ronald Telfer directs this, as he has directed the two preceding shows, which means that the play is stripped of all unes-

sentials and that the tempo is fast and furious. Since Telfer has taken a hand, Gold Coast productions have leaped out of the amateur class entirely.

Louise Welty is playing her first straight part in "The Three G's." As Chip, the Girl of Golden Gulch, she's winning fresh laurels for herself and endearing herself greatly to First Theater audiences. "Golden Gulch," which is "somewhere in them thar hills," has all the elements

(Continued on Page Eleven)

Rumors of Carmel Revolutions if City Loses Sand Dunes, Buys White Cedars

YOU SHOULD ATTEND THIS MEETING

A meeting of the committee for completion of the Carmel High school plant will be held in the library of Sunset School Monday evening, Feb. 17, at 8 p.m.

Not only those already members of the committee, but anyone else who believes in the project and would like to join the committee, is invited to attend.

Fortier Changes His Mind, and So Does Walt Pilot

Fortier's Drug Store is not going to expand into the present quarters of the Carmel post office when that federal organization moves down on Dolores street.

It's going to move into the store now occupied by Stella's Dry Goods, on the corner of Ocean avenue and Dolores.

Stella's, as THE CYMBAL told you more than a month ago, is moving sometime this summer to a store which Mr. and Mrs. James B. McGrury, owners of the concern, are going to build adjacent to the new post office to the north.

Fortier had planned to double his present space by taking the present post office quarters, but has thought better of it. He's going to get down into the business center.

Walt Pilot had planned to continue to conduct Beverly's House o' Flowers, next door to his dairy, but he has new plans now. He's bought the lease, however, and pretty soon you will see much activity there. He will join the space to his present quarters.

(Continued on Page Eleven)

CRIME IN A GARDEN! IN THE GARDEN OF THE CARMEL LIBRARY

A body was dug up right in front of the library—yesterday morning by Joe DeAmaral when he was peacefully spading the garden—it was the body of a woman's purse and bore the earmarks of a perfect crime. Apparently it was committed many months ago when some guilty hands furtively buried it a foot in the ground after taking the money out of it. The purse must have rested in its grave for many months as its substance had completely disintegrated, leaving only a skeleton of the bare metal outline of the purse, the keys to a car, and a half a bottle of perfume still very fragrant.

Crime like this, thriving at the very roots of the serene and lovely flowers of our library garden, hardly seems decent.

WHITE HOLDING ON SEA SHORE SOUGHT; JAIL IN HOME SECTION IS DECRIED

There are undercurrents of revolution in Carmel following publication in The Cymbal last week of the announcement that Elizabeth McClung White plans a "subdivision on property she owns on the sand dunes, and that the city council proposes to buy "White Cedars" on Ninth street for a site for a city hall.

And these undercurrents are going to mean something. Property owners in the neighborhood of the proposed White subdivision are much excited. They don't want a bunch of houses between San Antonio street and the water at the foot of Fourth street. They intend to do something about it if the city doesn't. There is already a plan on foot whereby a dozen of them will chip in and make Miss White an offer for the property. It will have to be considerably in excess of the price she paid for the one and seven-tenths acres in 1927, but whatever it is the residents of that most desirable residential section north of Ocean avenue believe it will be worth it.

As for the proposed purchase of "White Cedars" for a city hall site, there is more than just an undercurrent down in that neighborhood. The property owners point out that the city proposes to do something that it won't let them do. They can't build any business buildings, or conduct any business, south of Eighth street in that section and the city plans to do a lot of business there. It's residential property, and properly so, and so established by the zoning law.

With a city hall goes the police department, say the residential property owners, and no matter how gentlemanly and quiet the police officers themselves are, there are times when the persons they are gently taking care of are anything but quiet. And it is further pointed out that the persons above referred to are in the habit of being less quiet about two and three o'clock in the morning. There is also the matter of a jail in the city hall that perturbs these property owners—and well it may.

So, on two scores the city council is going to have to meet the aroused public. On one side of the city it is going to get a demand that it acquire the holdings of Elizabeth McClung White on the sand dunes. On the other side it is going to hear quite emphatically from property owners who don't want a city hall in the residential section.

continue to violate it. THE CYMBAL is wholeheartedly in sympathy with the council's attitude along this line. It is not in sympathy with the council's present plan to make fish of Mr. and Mrs. Citizen and good, clean flesh of itself.

If it buys the "White Cedars" property and builds a city hall on that property, it is doing exactly what it tells the citizens and private property owners within the corporate limits of the city of Carmel that they cannot do. And if private property owners flaunt the council and do do it, it gets pretty tough with them.

The "White Cedars" property is in Residential Zone No. 1, a full block beyond the limits of Commercial Zone No. 1. The zoning law, drafted by City Attorney William L. Hudson with considerable pride in the drafting thereof, and adopted by the present city council with immoderate pride in the adoption thereof, precisely forbids commercial or business structures in the residential section. The city hall of the city of Carmel, or of any other city for that matter, is most decidedly a business structure, maintained for the purpose of conducting the city's business.

And some of the city's business is not the sort of business that the residential property owners of this city desire should be conducted within yelling distance of their living room and bed room windows. If the city builds a city hall, one of its most important and active departments would be housed therein—the police department. We understand that with the construction of a city hall, or the acquiring of a new one, it is intended to give the police department not only quarters for its official business, but quarters with bars on them to take care of sometimes derelict private citizens.

A jail in the residential section of the city is not a probability the residential property owner can make a mental picture of with any great degree of delight in the reaction thereto. And to build a city hall in one place and construct or maintain a jail in another is the kind of rotten economy that taxpayers could justifiably raise their collective eyebrows about.

On this "White Cedars" proposition the city council is surely shoving its cranium far out the window. THE CYMBAL may be the first to take a crack at it, but it's a cinch it won't be the last.

A PERSONAL FORD

Given the dubious dignity of print last week was the old threadbare contention that THE CYMBAL is my paper; that without my stuff in it, it wouldn't amount to much, and the more there is of me in it, the better it is. You'd be surprised to realize how sick and tired I am of these oft-repeated and fallacious statements. More than that, I resent them. I resent them not alone because they are not true; in fact, hardly at all because they are not true, but because they reflect on the remarkable efficiency, the inexplicable loyalty of those who, working with me, have made THE CYMBAL CYMBAL the best all-around weekly newspaper this community has ever had, and, to be completely and immodestly frank about it, the best in the country today.

I could not have accomplished this alone; I could not even have begun to accomplish it. There were loyal and capable helpers with me at the start. The staff has been augmented or, rather, it has augmented itself until today the columns of THE CYMBAL contain news and feature stories in form and content far surpassing the average run of weekly newspapers. Through the last four years I have had

friendly support. Those who have been building THE CYMBAL up to its present high status of weekly journalism have in the main served with no compensation other than the joy of doing it. THE CYMBAL family has been a happy family from the start. Those who have come and gone in our office history today voice regret that they are not still here. Those who are here now could not be pried loose from their jobs, be those jobs in either of the only two categories we have—underpaid or pure contributions.

THE CYMBAL has been made, not by me, but by these people who have served it over the amazing and amusing years of its existence.

To Virginia Scardigli, Dorothea Castelhun, Francis Lloyd, Sally Fry, Lynda Sargent, Libby Ley Danyah, Dorothy Stephenson, Dora Hagemeyer, Ben Schafer, Jessie Joan Brown, Adrienne Lillico, Marjorie Warren, Dick Masten, Edith Frisbie, Lillian Bos Ross, Phyllis Smith, Kathryn Winslow, Pauline Meeks, Beth Frellson, Elizabeth Houghton—to them I owe the success of what I hoped to be able to create; to them Carmel owes its gratitude for a very fine newspaper. Without them there would be no CYMBAL.

—W. K. B.

Mission Altar Society Hears About Portugal

At the monthly meeting of the Mission Altar Society held yesterday in Crespi Hall, Thomas Hayes, assistant pastor of Sacred Heart Church in Salinas, gave an interesting talk on Portugal and told of its history and the picturesque life of the country which he encountered while visiting there recently. Paying tribute to this small country which is now harboring so many refugees from war-torn Europe, Father Hayes' talk briefly covered Portugal's Catholic history, culture, its saints and poets, its great achievements in exploration and discovery and the achievements of Salazar who founded the modern Christian Corporative State of Portugal.

In the earlier part of the meeting business matters were discussed by society members and Mrs. Elsie Martinez of Carmel gave a report on the recent district meeting of the National Council of Catholic Women held in Salinas January 17. Plans for study clubs were discussed and outlined and Mrs. W. M. Ives of Carmel was appointed chairman of the study clubs of the Monterey district and Mrs. Martinez was delegated to take charge of the "Shrines in the Home" project in the same district.

At the end of the meeting a music program of folk songs and national airs was given by Bob Soares.

MRS. O'DONNELL TO TALK TO GARDEN SECTION

Mrs. W. M. O'Donnell will be the speaker at the next meeting of the Garden Section of the Carmel Woman's Club to be held at 10:30 next Wednesday morning at Mrs. G. F. Beardsley's home on Casanova and Eighth.



CONSTANT HEART

Think not absence e'er can sever,
Think not distance make love less,
Many miles may be between us,
Still I will thy memory bless.

Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above
Deeper than the depths beneath
Firm and faithful—strong as death.



Carmel Camera Club Is To Have Exhibit at Art Gallery

It may be that spring is on the way, but the fact remains that the Carmel Camera Club has recently felt a fresh impetus stirring in what remained of a depleted enthusiasm. Two meetings have been held recently, the last one Tuesday night at the Carmel Art Gallery. Fresh blood was welcomed and plans laid for an exhibition in March. The Carmel Art Association is giving them the use of the small center gallery. About 36 prints will be shown.

Among those who attended Tuesday's meeting were Peter Burk, Horace D. Lyon, Francis Whitaker, Robert Emmett O'Brien, Alvin J. Beller, George Seideneck, Myron Oliver and Myron's "discovery," a chap called Walker, Dr. R. A. Kocher and Russell Cummings. A case of beer and plenty of sandwiches helped to make the occasion more festive.

The Carmel Art Gallery will be the regular meeting place for the Camera Club hereafter.

RAYMOND MECKS IN ARMY ENGINEERS SCHOOL AT FT. BELVOIR, VA.

Technical Sergeant R. R. Meeks wrote his sisters, Pauline and Nadine, this week from a train which was taking him from Fort Sill, Oklahoma, to Fort Belvoir, Virginia, where for three months, he will attend a government engineers school.

Ray Meeks was one of the young men about Carmel and Dr. John R. Gray's favorite pinocle partner until five years ago when he followed his family to New Mexico. Finding special opportunity there, he stayed to supervise construction on government buildings. Last summer he joined the army for a one year period and has been chosen with one other from the 120th engineers for special training at Fort Belvoir. He will be glad when it is all over and he can come home.

IN CARMEL Everybody Reads THE CYMBAL.

Peninsula Country Club Arouses Interest With Weekly Bridge Teas

The Monterey Peninsula Country Club is a bright spot on the social map these days, what the weekly bridge teas which are held every Wednesday, the usual Thursday group that has been meeting for years, and various other activities, many of them centered around the army.

Among the women who attended last Wednesday's bridge tea, many of whom lunched at the club beforehand, were Mrs. L. C. Roller, Mrs. M. L. Brennan, Mrs. Winton Swengel, Mrs. Dan Searle, Mrs. Robert MacGillavry, Mrs. M. L. Stockton, Mrs. A. L. Sowter, Mrs. David Traub, Mrs. Lesley Nagle, Mrs. Paul Sheppard, Mrs. E. M. Quigley, Mrs. Ethel P. Young, Mrs. T. S. Arms, Miss Celina Wells, Miss Helen Lisle and Miss Dorothy Flynn.

Among those at Thursday's no-host luncheon and bridge were Mrs. Louis Vidoroni, Mrs. Fred Nicholas, Mrs. Peter Elliott, Mrs. J. E. Abernethy, Mrs. L. L. Dewar, Mrs. Fraser Hancock and Mrs. Lesley Nagle.

Clara Kellogg Elected P.-T. A. Life Member

Miss Clara Kellogg, following a motion unanimously passed by members of the Parent-Teachers' Association last Tuesday, has been given a life membership in the P.-T. A. for her unflagging interest and outstanding work in this organization.

The sum of \$25, which is the cost of a life membership, goes into the Students' Revolving State Loan Fund, a state project, and which makes it possible for Carmel High school to provide any child who is in need of it with \$150 a year for four years upon entering any college or vocational school after graduation from Carmel High. This loan is usually paid back by the student within three years of his graduation.

WITH ME ROAM

O say, love, wilt thou with me roam,
Far far from turmoil and city life;
Fly with me to my village home,
Where reigns contentment without strife.

Kit Whitman presents — Song Recital by

RACHEL MORTON, Soprano

Jaffrey Harris, Accompanist

at the CARMEL PLAYHOUSE

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 8:30

Tickets:

Carmel Art Institute, Phone 1222 & 618. Abinente Music Store, Monterey. Lia's Music Shop, Carmel & Monterey. \$1.10 & \$1.65, Inc. Tax.



"Put 'er there," said the newly-arrived visitor from Los Angeles, "you could show those big drive-in markets down in Los Angeles something about food merchandising." So what? — so stop in and learn something about saving money in groceries, meats and vegetables.

KIP'S

M. J. Murphy, Inc.

IF IT CAN BE FINANCED,
WE CAN DO IT

Everything to Build a Home

TELEPHONE MONTEREY 3191 or CARMEL 154

The Carmel Cymbal

Philippines Official To Talk Thursday At Forum

As speaker who is on his way to Manila to take over the position of executive assistant to the American High Commissioner to the Philippines will lecture in Carmel for the Carmel Forum next Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Dr. Claude A. Buss was scheduled to speak here in April. About the first of this month he was appointed by President Roosevelt to this important post and he is stopping over on his way to sail from San Francisco the next day.

"Japan's Chinese Puzzle" will be his topic here. In Manila he will be even closer to the puzzle, perhaps too close to see it as clearly as his years of past experience in the American diplomatic service in the orient and his recent years of work as professor of international relations at the University of Southern California have given him.

Buss has been head of his department under the direction of President R. B. vonKleinSmid of U.S.C. who has taken a great personal interest in foreign relations, including his work as president of the Institute of International Relations at Los Angeles. Dr. vonKleinSmid is well known in Carmel, where he has been a frequent visitor in past years.

Dr. Buss has been a frequent and favorite speaker in the large forums of southern California, especially the Pasadena Forum, which is the best known and largest of them all.

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This I vow
If you prove good
I'll do my duty
As I should

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Storm Maroons Lynda Again, But 'Clanging Cymbals' Wings It

The Rosses — Harrydick and Shanagolden — blew in Monday morning from their house on Livermore Ledge, and reported that Lynda is marooned — completely marooned! The bridge across the Big Sur River at Pfeiffer's is out, and Lynda is on the other side of it. This means that *Clanging Cymbals* had to be flown across by carrier pigeon!

This was the Rosses' second trip to town since winter set in. They reported the San Simeon Highway, with the exception of the stretch around Anderson Canyon, to be in good condition, albeit a bit sinister for all that.

They also reported that a playwright has come to live in one of the Jean Varda studios — one Preston Tuttle, who was with the "Porgy and Bess" company for three years. They like him. Say he is 30-ish, and not bad looking, and he can cook, in common with everyone who has inhabited the Varda studios to date.

As for the Vardas, they'll not be back to the coast until fall, it seems. Younka has a show in New York come April, and another slated for Chicago later.

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The truest wishes of a friend,
Shall follow you until life's end.
"Faint heart ne'er won a lady
fair"

How oft it has been told:
But if for me one mite you care,
For once you will be bold.

Rachel Morton, Soprano, in Recital At the Playhouse February 24

Rachel Morton is going to sing Monday evening, Feb. 24, at the Playhouse. Kit Whitman is managing the affair and Jaffrey Harris will be her accompanist.

Miss Morton came to Carmel last August and established a vocal studio here. She already has a most satisfying number of students working with her. Her husband, Jaffrey Harris, arrived about two months later. He is an artist, as well as being a musician and a conductor of note. Previous to coming to Carmel their home was in Westchester, N.Y., but many of the years of their life have been spent in Europe.

A protégé of Walter Damrosch, who arranged a scholarship for her with Jean de Reszke, Rachel Morton proved herself so promising a pupil that de Reszke taught her gratuitously for the three years preceding his death. Just before

he died, however, he witnessed Rachel's debut as Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni" at the Opera de Nice.

It was the British National Opera Co. for Miss Morton after this. She sang leading roles in "Tosca," "Aida," "Tannhauser," "Die Meistersinger," "Parsifal" and "Tristan and Isolde." Then, at the invitation of Walter Damrosch, she returned to America to sing with the New York Symphony orchestra in concert performances of "Tristan and Isolde."

This was followed by recital appearances which, according to the New York Times, revealed her as "an artist of rare gifts, vocal and interpretative."

It is by popular demand that Miss Morton will finally be heard in her first formal song recital. Tickets are on sale at the Carmel Art Institute and at Abinante's in Monterey.

R. J. Gale on Teaching Staff of Menlo Junior College

R. J. Gale has been appointed to the teaching staff of Menlo Junior College. Gale was on the teaching staff of Sunset School for a couple of years until last fall when he was granted a year's leave of absence for advanced study at Stanford.

There are many who will be happy to hear that he has found his niche in the English department of a college. While in Carmel he made a distinct contribution to the enlightenment of both the youth and adults of this community, and the boys and girls who were in his classes will doubtless carry on to high school and college a love for books that will enrich their whole lives. His classes in the adult education school will long remember his readings, and his lectures on authors, books and plays.

Menlo Junior College is closely connected with Stanford and serves as a kind of laboratory for the School of Education at that university. Gale will do guidance and counseling work in addition to teaching literature.

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Real Estate Head To Address Peninsula Brokers Monday

Clarence Urban, State commissioner of Real Estate, will address a meeting of Peninsula realty brokers at Colton Hall in Monterey next Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock. A dinner, arranged by the Peninsula Realty Board, will be held that evening. Corum Jackson of Carmel, president of the board, will be toastmaster.

Tag Lags Fest Marks Completion of McCabe Home

Carrying on the tradition of his native Sweden, Lennart Palme, Carmel architect, gave another tag lags fest, or laying of the roof log, to indicate that the new home of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. McCabe on Casanova at Santa Lucia, is just about finished. The ceremony is significant of the first major protection against winter and is symbolic of the protection against any element that might destroy or jeopardize the home. Originally, it was celebrated by the home owner and his neighbors who joined forces in swinging the great log into place. Last Thursday there was music, beer, and hamburgers; and workmen, owners, their friends and friends of the architect were invited to participate.

The house is distinctive because it has been designed around Mrs. McCabe's woodcarving. Under her architect's guidance, Mrs. McCabe, who is no novice at carving, has produced exterior timbers and paneling as well as interior detail, and has created an interesting and deeply personal whole.

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MRS. MARGARET MONK TALKS ON WILLA CATHER BOOK

Mrs. Margaret Monk, who reviewed Willa Cather's "Sapphira and the Slave Girl" for the book section of the Carmel Woman's Club, did it again yesterday afternoon at the section meeting of the Monterey Peninsula branch, American Association of University Women. The meeting was held at Mrs. John Gratiot's home in Rancho Aguajito.



A WISH

My friend, I breathe a wish that
thou
Might'st spend thy life in love
and peace;
May care's chill hand ne'er touch
thy brow,
But age shed joys as years in-
crease.

And I would wish that visions
fair
Might ever gild thy thought of
me,
That thou may'st sometimes
breathe a prayer
For me who ever thinks of thee.

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Oratorio Society Plans To Sing 'Crucifixion'

The Peninsula Oratorio Society, which so ably interpreted Handel's "Messiah" at Christmas time, is meeting Monday to start preparation for the Good Friday presentation of Stainer's "Crucifixion."

Singers interested in participating in this type of choral music are requested to attend the Monday night rehearsals in the Civic Club House, 170 Grand avenue, Pacific Grove, or phone Reu S. Manhire at Monterey 7896.

Stainer's music is not difficult, and the "Crucifixion" is one of the most intense of the Easter oratorios. It attains its effect through sheer simplicity and beautiful harmony. It is exceptionally fine choral music and worthy of the support of all Peninsula singers.

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Excuse me if I speak my mind,
To love you I am much inclined.

Legion Auxiliary Plans for Benefit Card Party

With the proceeds going towards the welfare and rehabilitation fund for veterans and their families, the American Legion Auxiliary is having a card party at the Legion Hall on Dolores next Friday night, Feb. 21. There will be bridge, whist and bingo starting at 8 o'clock and going on all evening, with a prize for each table in addition to the door prize which is also to be given away.

Mrs. Fred McIndoe is general chairman of the affair while Mrs. Lee Gottfried is in charge of the games and Mrs. E. H. Ewig is arranging some promising prizes.

Tickets will be 50 cents each and may be bought from any member of the Auxiliary or at the Carmel Grocery as well as at the door of the Hall by those who wish to make their contribution towards helping an unfortunate veteran or the family of some veteran whose care rests in the hands of our active local Auxiliary.

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IN FONDNESS MEET

How sweet at close of silent eve
To whisper voices of gentle love,
To hear it told in accents sweet
That heart to heart in fondness meet.

Church of The Wayfarer

Sermon at Eleven by
DR. JAMES E. CROWTHER

Theme:

BEAUTIFYING
CARMEL'S
BOOZE
BUSINESS

Solo by

Mrs. Verna Heinselman;
Jewell Brookshier at the
organ.

Strangers Cordially Invited.

Announcing--

MR. AND MRS. DAVID ARNOLD

HAVE ACQUIRED OWNERSHIP

OF

The Snack

CARMEL'S UNIQUE AND

FAMOUS TAP ROOM

AND WILL ALSO OPERATE

The Snack Restaurant

ABOVE

Tub Frocks

with L'Aiglon label



Smart women know that the first dress of spring, like the first flower, is the most thrilling. Early arrivals at The Cinderella Shop are a riot of color and in a wide variety of materials: gingham, chambray, linette seersucker, cotton gabardine, sharkskin, spun rayon and washable rayon crepe.

L'Aiglon frocks are cut on the smart lines of the better dress. They come out of the tub and off the ironing board like new. The prices are set by the manufacturer so they are the same here as anywhere else in the country and range from 6.50 to 12.95. You will want to make an early selection!

Now the famous nationally advertised L'Aiglon tub frocks can be had on the peninsula and only at The Cinderella Shop but in a wide variety of styles and materials. In sizes from 10 to 42.

The Cinderella Shop

OCEAN AVENUE



CARMEL

CARMEL CYMBAL

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AT THE P.O. AT CARMEL, CALIFORNIA,
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MARCH 3, 1879

W. K. BASSETT, EDITOR

THE CYMBAL IS ON SALE AT
DEL MONTE HOTEL, MC KAY'S
NEWSTAND, MONTEREY, AND
THE GROVE PHARMACY, PACIFIC
GROVE.**Carmel Tides**

	HIGH	LOW		
14	10:14a 4.8	5:52a 1.2		
	11:58a 4.9	6:13p 0.1		
15	0:52a 4.9	6:49a 0.9		
	12:59p 4.4	6:58p 0.5		
16	1:36a 5.0	7:52a 0.7		
	2:06p 4.0	7:46p 1.1		
17	2:23a 5.0	9:03a 0.6		
	3:23p 3.7	8:42p 1.5		
18	3:17a 5.0	10:18a 0.4		
	4:51p 3.5	9:48p 2.0		
19	4:19a 5.0	11:32a 0.2		
	6:14p 3.6	11:01p 2.2		
20	5:24a 5.0	12:37p -0.1		
	7:22p 3.9			
	LOW	HIGH		
21	0:15a 2.2	6:29a 5.1		
	1:34p -0.3	8:17p 4.0		

What the Library Has in New Books

YESTERDAY IS DEAD, by Stuart Cloete. This book was written, says the author, "to clarify my own mind, to try to create some kind of order, to find some kind of sequence in the events of the last few years."

LAND OF THE EYE, by Hansoldt Davis. A narrative of the labors, adventures, alarms and excursions of the Denis-Roosevelt Asiatic expedition to Burma, China, India and the last kingdom of Nepal.

WINSTON CHURCHILL, by Rene Kraus. A full length sympathetic biography.

WHERE DO WE GO FROM HERE?, by Harold Laski. After reviewing the causes of the present war and the nature of Fascism, the author points out the course Great Britain must follow after the war and the social revolution that must be an inevitable prologue to victory.

MAKE BRIGHT THE ARROWS, by Edna St. Vincent Millay. A 1940 notebook.

BRITAIN SPEAKS, by J. B. Priestley. Thirty-nine essays on England in the present war based upon the author's radio broadcasts between May 30 and September 24, 1940.

OUT OF THE NIGHT, by Jan Valtin (pseud.). The experiences of an agent of Moscow at home, in Germany, in the United States, and other parts of the world.

QUICK SERVICE, by P. G. Wodehouse. **HILDRETH**, by H. Estes. **TWO FEET FROM HAVEN**, by P. C. Wren. **THE SILENT DRUM**, by N. Swanson. **NOT FOR THE MEEK**, by D. K. Kaup. **SYLVIA LONDON**, by Maud Diver. **RIOT AT RED WATER**, by Fred Becholdt. **THE RAVEN'S WING**, by Elizabeth Spriggs. **LIFE IS TO SEEK**, by Diana Patrick.

To My -- Refractory -- Valentine

Would you, my love, wax bellicose
Should I gulp down an overdose
Of powders blent to make me sleep?
Or would you, haply, darling, weep?

Since drenching you with dark remorse
Is my sole motive for this course,
If you, my love, deride and scoff
There's no per cent in signing off.

But likewise, if you bow your head
I'll find no fun in being dead—
Your warm embrace would be almost
Too much for my poor astral ghost.

—EDITH FRISBIE

WE THINK THEY'RE INTERESTING**ROBERT FAIRBANKS RHODES—YOGI.**

He does it with ice cubes, hot mirrors. Why ice cubes, we'll never know, and neither does he, but a gent has to have something upon which to concentrate when lovely ladies gaze into his eyes all expectant.

The "Yogi" business was just a gag that Henry King, the orchestra man, tossed to him one day. It stuck, and Rhodes continues to use it because he thinks it's good publicity. Yogi-ing is a pleasant method of earning your way around the world, he says, and he enjoys the contacts he makes.

His psychic gifts are as much of a mystery to him as they are to you and me. In fact, for a time it had him a bit panicky—so much so that he practically had a nervous breakdown. But now he's learned to accept it philosophically and make the most of it. It all began when he was but a callow youth of 19. For no reason at all he told a dame who made her home at the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles and loved it, that within six months she would be living on the fourth floor of an apartment at a certain number on Ross street. He thought nothing further of it, and neither did she, until that eminent earthquake occurred down at Long Beach. This woman dashed back into the hotel for her mink coat, which had been left behind in the rush. Being a bit on the high side at the time, she didn't notice that the facade of the building, steps and all, had tumbled into the gutter, and just stepped off into space. She broke both legs in ~~so~~ going, landed in a hospital, was most unhappy, and ordered the young man from her attorney's office to "get me out of here—anywhere." It wasn't until she was comfortably settled in an apartment that she realized that she was on the fourth floor of a certain number on Ross street. Much telephoning then—to friends, to Rhodes, to everyone. An affair was arranged wherein he was supposed to demonstrate his powers. He saw all the people waiting for him to amaze them—and got just plain scared. He fled.

His apparently supernatural gift intrigued him, however, and he couldn't let it alone. Sometimes he'd tell people the most awful things and then he'd wonder why he'd said them. They'd come true, however. Now he's learned not to stop and think of what he is saying. The moment you start in analyzing it, you spoil it, he says.

At Gypsy's, in San Bruno, Rhodes has a terrific play from the socialite and celebrity strata; also at Benda's before that. He has a happy facility for being seen with the famous at well-known spots and the ensuing publicity does him no harm whatsoever.

He told Doug Fairbanks, way back in '38, that he would be the papa of a baby girl in 1940, and durned if he wasn't, and Doug wasn't even married at the time of the prophecy. He predicted that Laura Hope Crews would win the coveted role of Aunt Pitty Pat in G.W.T. Wind, even though Billie Burke had been promised it at the time.

A familiar-looking man and his wife came into a San Jose cocktail bar a few months ago and amused themselves by having Bob Rhodes tell their fortunes. He told them he "saw them" at the Roosevelt Hotel in Hollywood with a man who was an incessant "doodler," with a slight impediment in his speech and who was about to make an offer of \$40,000 in a business deal. It immediately developed that the couple were Mr. and Mrs. John Steinbeck who had reservations at the Roosevelt and an appointment with Darryl A. Zanuck who is an incurable "doodler." As for the \$40,000—but it was for the movie rights of "Grapes of Wrath."

Rhodes always works around night spots and cocktail bars. They didn't know it at the time. He likes the atmosphere and congeniality. Right now he is supposed to be appearing at "The Hurricane," new International Settlement club, but he skipped it and came to Carmel instead. He was here last fall at Sade's just a month before she died. Now he's back at the same spot, Yogi-ing all who wish to be Yogi-ed, and their number is plentiful.

Allowing for a wide margin

Not as Good as One It Replaces, New Oil Exhibit at Art Gallery Has Some Interesting Things

There's a new oil show hung at the Carmel Art Gallery for February and March and while it's not as good a show, taking it on the whole, as the show they just pulled down, there are some interesting things in it.

Take Ralph Coote's "Earth Fruit," for instance. This autumn grouping of punkins and spuds is almost profligate in its rich coloring and strong, virile grouping. I think it's the finest thing Major Coote has ever done.

John O'Shea's "Dahlias," which hung in the Oakland show, will make your mouth water. Brilliant rose and vermilion flowers against a blue-green ground give a lift to your spirit that will remain with you for some time to come. A good focal point for some room whose walls are not broken into with small detail and pattern. This same man's "Cypress" clicks immediately, too. It is one of the most direct paintings I've seen; no tricks, just paint on canvas with a brush. But the tree, bare and jagged but not sinister, projects its character most happily, and the sea stretches out illimitably beyond. The coloring, of course, is superb.

Howard Smith's "Portrait of a Boy," is of his own son, Howard, Jr. The Smith's pooch, Frisk, is in it too, and if any of you know this boy and dog, you'll know the portrait is excellent.

Lee Tevis' "Dolores" grows on you and is one of the most spectacular things in the show. A stylized background of petals, a cardinal red robe, a definitely

"typed" face, all handled with severity of line and structure give it quite a punch.

Natalie Newking's "Charlotte" is another example of decorative portraiture. Here, affinity of surface texture with the character of the composition makes an alignment that is most satisfactory to anyone with a tactile sense of appreciation. Miss Newking has painted on what looks like beaver board. This material has all reacted on the medium, flattening it out to almost resemble tempera.

Frederic Burt has a strong and brilliant canvas painted last summer in Alaska called "Taku Glacier, Alaska." Marines by Paul Dougherty and William Ritschel give life and movement to the show. A small canvas of Armin Hansen's, "Aground" is much higher in key than many of his and is quite reasonably priced. There are two more of these small oils of his in the racks and well worth your asking the curator to dig them out.

The Paul Mays tempera, "Harvest in Bucks County" is still on view loaned by the donor, Dudley P. Allen of the Memorial Museum of Art in Ozerlin, Ohio. It is by far the best thing of Mays, I have ever seen.

The Carmel Art Gallery is open daily from 2 o'clock until 5 o'clock.

—MARJORIE WARREN

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12:50	1:30
2:00	2:30
2:45	3:20
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7:20	7:40
8:40	9:30
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Clanging Cymbals



Elizabeth says I should get on with that pie, and Elizabeth is right. But the other day when once again after many years I walked over the road to Aunt Fanny's, digging my mittened hand into a pie a third of a century old; when I came to the second barway in the hollow and put down the pie on its flat rock just inside the wall so that I might rush to poke my finger into the frog-spew and peer for our star, I felt the sudden jerk of a ghostly halter rope from my hand and there was John, our horse, kicking up derisive heels at Grampie's scolding and demanding his place in the annals of Fernside.

Then I remembered with awful vividness the morning Mother went to the village and left me to take care of Pearle, aged four, and how Father had called from the barn, Has anyone watered John?

Mud and bud and the robin slantwise on a twig—April in New England, I am the resurrection and the life... the hard stone, Winter, has rolled down the slope toward the Contoocook River diminishing snowball-wise... that which was dead now lives. The grudging black twigs of the butternut tree have a green smile at their corners and the willow in the hollow that was a switch for some recalcitrant calf one morning in the day of our tall greatgrandfather, who stuck it into the sand where the wild for-get-me-nots grow, weeps the yellow tears of sentimental old age, weeps them in lustrous catkins gently flowing along the first warm breeze. Oh, tender and gracious, miracle April.

So John and little Pearle and I started for the spring along the deep ruts, our three manes undulant with joyousness, our tails agog with saps. I can see Pearle now, my mother's doll child. Her tinyness was pleasure to our mother and she took especial care in dressing her. I remember perfectly her bright red knitted cap and mittens and the little red rubbers Mother had found in a store in Manchester. Her face was delicate as the Spring itself and the spots of vermillion put exclamation marks on its beauty. I see her hopping ruts and stepping in puddles and hear her now beg to ride up on John.

I must have known that April did to John just what it did to me, that fecklessness and the slap-happy mood was in us, even as we plodded along. Pearle, looking no bigger than a minute, was riding jockey up on John's neck, pulling at his mane and clucking him up to no avail. He just plodded in the ruts, his shaggy old head hung down.

I remember all that happiness, though they say that a child does not feel happiness, but only concocts it out of memory. That is not true, either. My mother made it come out real for us, made our hearts and minds aware of it. She was a potter for the vessels of happiness and she could take the raw human stuff of these vessels and shape them wide-mouthed to hold whatever our peculiar joy might be. I wonder... she would say, looking at an apple blossom's face, how even God could make a thing like that: or, finding some funny bug crawling on the back of her neck, I wonder, now, how He thought up such a ridiculous fellow. And in our hearts we plucked that thing and stuff-

ed it in our wonder-jugs, which were always wonder-full. I'm certain that this way I must have known that I was happy that morning, that the many parturient beauties of April were appressed like tangible bodies against my own.

John pawed the mud and nosed aside the bright green scum, plunging his nostrils down into the water as if he would snatch the star between his greedy teeth... supping and slobbering and wagging his wicked old tail; lifting his head suddenly and snorting to pretend a locomotive has just come up across the field, so that his bright black nostrils stood out against the bluest sky and together we watched the hills move slyly by, feeling together the shudder of their beauty, the universal upurge of the season. In a second he flung his head sideways and shuffled his withers...

Mittens and cap and red rubbers making a rainbow in the air, and Pearle was in the spring and it was deeper than a church door. The April jug of beauties spilled black over the world... spilled panic and despair... I had drowned my mother's baby... she had trusted me with her child and I had killed her... oh dear Jesus who knows how to walk on water and looks after little children... can you tell me now what I shall do... shall I run home for help... jump in and drown myself... only scream unheeded, falling on my belly in the cold mud... both arms in the iced water... both shoulders... grasping the red cap in one hand, but the cap comes off in my hand...

No star now, but my mother's face at the bottom of everything, black upon me.

Somehow I got the child by the seat of the pants and out she came, tipping me backwards in the mud, spluttering, screaming with all her lungs... but alive... alive...

John fed on tender April grass while you forgot him and ran home, something darker than fear in your heart. Mother had got back from town and hearing the child's screams, came running to meet us. I see her now, her long skirts flying, her hair flying, her face as black with fright as I had seen it in the bottom of the water. I see it turn to splendour, her face that seldom lapsed from splendour, and hear her laugh as she comforted her child and made light of her mishap, for no child of hers must carry very long a sense of terror in her mind.

Oh, what sleight of heart she had for mothering! On the frontispiece of her dairy for this very year, she has copied down a bit of verse from whose sense she never departed:

"He who checks the child with terror,

Stops its play and stills its song, Not alone commits an error But a grievous moral wrong. Would you stop the flowing river Thinking it would cease to flow? No. It must go on forever. Better teach it where to go."

The underscoring is hers.

But, you ask, didn't she punish me at all? Oh yes, yes, she did. She never once mentioned the matter to me. I had done something to violate her trust in me and she had no words, no sense in her mind, with which to comprehend it. You could see that she hardly believed it at all. There is no greater punitive power in love than silence. She seemed to move away from you, to go far off into incredulity, trying to figure it out for herself. You waited in misery for a word, however harsh. But no word

came and you were left in desolation indescribable. And desolation from her was punishment enough.

One evening in the sometime of after years, Father came in from his last look-around at the farm and said that John was worse than he had been at noon when the vet was there. He was breathing harder, but would not lie down; just stood with his head hanging, braced against the side of his stall. Dr. George had said there was nothing further he could do, that if the fever went up and pneumonia developed, there was no hope that he could live through the night.

Marion and I were doing our homework at the kitchen table and Mother was mixing bread. Everything stopped at once in the room, all breathing hung for a moment dead upon the air. Our Old John Horse... why, no... that couldn't be!

Mother finished her mixing and set the bread to rise behind the stove. When she took down her barn coat from its peg over the woodbox, Marion and I closed our Latin books and went out with her.

So tired he looked, standing there, not giving in. Now and then he shivered, remembering the whip perhaps, and feebly tried to kick. We swathed him in hot blankets, rubbing his cold legs, trying to get him to take some warm milk. Night grew upon all of us, and the moving of the cattle, the soft shuffle of mice in the hay, a cat passing, were like sad muted music all about. There was nothing he pled for with his hot black eyes, not forgiveness nor any favor, but in their sick relentlessness was some sweet message and a glint of humor. We remembered him dancing on the snow and how he could come to our window in the dawn and put his nose down and take a foot between his teeth because he wanted us to share the new day with him. We thought of him as a Sargent, born and bred, nurtured in our ways.

It was a long time before he would lie down, not until he lifted his head quickly and caught a glimpse of some further pasture, of an excelling green, and a spring of star-strewn water where a young colt could plunge his shining nostrils and then caper off in innocence to his mother's warm dugs.

It was all there the other day, a third of a century after, and the pie on its rock by the wall has one green catkin on its flakes, as if the weeping lady willow had tiptoed up and wept it there. The same spring, its hogahead long, long ago drained of rum from Jamaica, the same unlovely green of frog's spew, the ghost of wide black nostrils limned against the afterglow upon the Uncanoonaes, the round red checkerberries wizzened with the year's old visage. So rich a place for fertilizing memory, rich as its mud and manure and mosses; copulate with life itself as old Grampie was with his sweetheart that day.

The child picks up the pie, flicking the catkin off with a forefinger green with scum where she poked it through to peer for a star. There is a faint green mark on the crust now, but Aunt Fanny won't mind.

She grasps it in her mittened left hand and her short legs in their wrinkled black stockings streak off up the road.

Maybe if she shuts her eyes tight, if she pretends she's got horse-blinders on, she can get by the third barway without stopping... maybe.

—LYNDA SARGENT

DR. COUGHLIN NOW IN MEDICAL CORPS AT FORT ORD

Dr. W. F. Coughlin, who received orders to report for active duty in the U. S. Army medical corps last January 15 has, fortunately for his family and his practice, been assigned to the medical corps at Fort Ord. He left for San Francisco last Saturday where he will be for a short time before going to his station. Mr. and Mrs. George Fortier gave him a farewell party at their Pacific Grove home just before he left. It was a patriotic affair of red, white and blue flowers and candles, and an illuminated "God Bless America" sign left no doubt as to the theme of the gathering.

After an evening of bridge, the Fortiers' guests enjoyed a buffet supper and Dr. Coughlin was presented with a number of gifts. Present to congratulate him on his new work were Mr. and Mrs. Fred X. Fry, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Northrup, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Selby, Mr. and Mrs. Donald B. Walker, Mrs. Coughlin, Mrs. Mary Reardon, Mrs. E. Page Pulliam, Mrs. Margaret Despard and the hosts, Mr. and Mrs. Fortier.

Sacramento's seventeenth annual Camellia show, sponsored by the Sacramento Garden club, will be held March 1 and 2, in the Clunie Memorial clubhouse in McKinley Park, states the Sacramento office of the National Automobile club.

Road conditions are good from U.S. 99 at Goshen Junction over State Route 198 to Sequoia National Park, reports the California State Automobile association.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE SERVICES

"Soul" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, February 16, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The Golden Text will be: "Let all those that seek thee rejoice and be glad in thee: and let such as love thy salvation say continually, Let God be magnified" (Psalms 70:4).

Many wild flowers are in prospect for the desert this spring, owing to a beneficial rainfall through December and January, reports the Bakersfield office of the National Automobile club. Motorists would do well to plan to visit the desert during April, for it is then that the flowers are at their height.

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9:30 a.m. Church School
11:00 a.m. Morning Prayer and Sermon

Christian Science Services

First Church of Christ, Scientist Carmel

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Sunday Service 11 a.m.

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The First Galley

Kathryn Winslow, living in town for a while, has pinch-hit for the CONSTANT EATER this week and the C.E. says it looks like it's over the center-field fence.

A great wind is molesting everything, including my tarpaper roof. There is high buffeting on my view. I am aware of the human propensities of that bit of hill. I see an inebriate jade wreathing her toes with last year's grasses, tearing them up and jesting with them. The oaks no longer lean, supplicant, over her shoulders. They are having a hell of a blow with the pines.

Their gestant acorns are tumbling, down the slippery shins of the wench whose catch-apron now shreds itself colorless, a moss tattering on trees. Lost, the acorns fall, confused, into the stream whose stone-brooding desires will not root them.

The pines that surround my cabin are drumming against it with parade abandon. The litter of the storm—branches, stones, leaves, rubbish—is a jostle of inebriates shambling over each other into the water.

The drenched crone of a hill is water-bogged, stuck in the mud, her haunches in mid air and her head carnival-capped "no trespassing." Not to her succor one of them, neither the young trees, nor the bushes, nor the retaining vines she nurtured into life. Drunk they all are on wind and water, sedulous with riot, and they care not a rusty tin can if we all dissolve on the tide to China.

It has been a long three years back to Carmel from by 1938 departure for the loamier pastures of Big Cities. That afternoon when I Greyhounded south on the Coast Road, hoe-headed for Experience, nostalgia also took benefit of passage.

The roots from which I had raised my peculiar bush, and the burgeon of whatever blossoms were on it, had been nourished in spring fluxion that year in Carmel. What acres I might find elsewhere to seed, must also have the sand and soil of that village for filer. And the rampant vetch of nostalgia for incessant hoeing.

Nostalgia had tendrils but they did not root in those foreign fields. All of its outburst spread above ground, pollenizing the very much restrained rows of my assignments. It was a taunt and a protection. It was as constant as any perennial wind-sown tanglement.

In spite of it, or because of it, there were crops. Now, with a sharp-honed implement, I dig about in the earth for new roots to higher bushes.

I return. Eager for the people I hold dear. Planning on a cabin cozily nudged to the woods. Recalling the quiet and seclusion of the early months of the year when Carmel is comparatively unpopulated. Remembering how the mimosa trees swell their boughs with golden drops for March showering. Remindful of the high surge of the Pacific roaring its avalanche. Recalling the chimney-blown spiciness of burning wood. Letting the tick-tock rhythm of memory tell me again how I love this part of the coast bounded by the valley, the ocean, Monterey and William Randolph Hearst.

I return. Carmel is still comparatively unpopulated — for New York City. My visits to my friends are a round-robin hearsay while I bustle my furniture and scraps into a cabin that clutches at a brevity, which, in turn, overhangs a chasm, in a wood of tall pines whose sharp tops have

poked the sky full of holes. Now, out of it, pours an endless biblical rebuke, washing the decline (my spot) and the upclimb (my view) into the chasm (a rapids). Yet, if, like Noah, I am separated from destruction, at the top of my Ararat I perchance may some week take up habitation, dry and safe, without leaks, lug bugs or spiders; without mold, muddy tracks or mutiny.

Yet, a few mimosas finger the air, chiding the sun with its own reflections. And the sea, in the wind, reveals its nimbus mystically, bringing its venerators to the oracle. The quickening remains, inviolate for such as I who must return to the temple.

—KATHRYN WINSLOW

REGIONAL CONFERENCE OF GIRL SCOUTS IN MARCH AT ASILOMAR

From 200 to 300 conventioners from Hawaii, Arizona and California are expected to attend the Big Tree Region Conference of Girl Scouts scheduled to assemble at Asilomar March 6, 7 and 8 with the Peninsula Scouts acting as hostesses. The theme of the convention will be Girl Scouting and Its Needs Today.

The array of chairmen appointed for this gathering are as follows: Mrs. O. L. Watson of Pacific Grove, conference chairman; Mrs. J. R. Sturm of Monterey, decoration chairman with Mrs. Mayo D'Donnell, who is president of the Peninsula Garden Club, assisting her; Mrs. Ralph Young of Pacific Grove, registration chairman; Mrs. George Smith of Pacific Grove, information chairman; Mrs. Webster Street of Carmel, hostess chairman; Mrs. Donald Walker, of Carmel, publicity chairman; Mrs. Harry Raine of Carmel, chairman of troupe activities and Mrs. Henry Tiedemann of Monterey, tour chairman.

PHYLLIS SMITH GETTING WAR RELIEF BENEFIT READY

Phyllis Smith has finally managed to whip into a fair semblance of shape the plans for the British War Relief benefit which Salinas is sponsoring. As business and production manager she announces the date as March 19; the place, Salinas Union high school auditorium.

The Studio School of the Theatre, under the direction of Edward Kuster, will present a one-act play. Edith Frisbie will deliver a monologue. Billie O'Connell, Monterey teacher of the dance, will present a few of her pupils in a couple of tap numbers. There will be music. It will be all fashioned on the style of the English Musical Hall variety show. Many other acts are rapidly shaping up. Seats — and there are 1200 of them — are all 50 cents, none to be reserved.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Racquet Club Is Gazing Forward To Spring

The Pebble Beach Racquet Club recently shook off the rain water and pulled its feet out of the mud long enough to look hopefully towards Spring and plan for its bigger and better 1941 season. The club will have at its helm this year: Elmer T. Cunningham as president, Walter B. Snook as vice-president, Ashton Stanley as secretary-treasurer and managing director. With Miss Jane C. Burritt, Mrs. Hugh Dormody, Mrs. Stanley Simonsen, William L. Hudson, J. W. A. Smith and Paul Whitman as directors.

On Thursday, May 1, the Club will stage a formal opening and roll on from there at a merry clip with a program full of buffet luncheons and dinners, bridge teas, swimming meets, dinner dancing, exhibitions, picnic barbecues, tennis tournaments, special junior events and the special Field Day event which will be held each month with a series of competitions in golf, ping-pong, bridge and swimming.

Yachting has moved up to first place on the Club's program and Stillwater Cove is going to be full of lots of new boats competing for this year's series of challenge cups. Stuart Hal-dorn, as head of the yachting committee, will be assisted by Captain Leonard Johnson.

Looking very much into the future the Club's tennis chairman, Walter Snook, is already beginning to plan the second annual Pebble Beach Racquet club tennis championship. The Club right now is sticking out its chest over the fact that it received word from the Northern California branch of the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association that its tournament ranked number three in prestige and importance in California—but no wonder, for there were nine title holders battling for honors at that court gathering.

RUTH AUSTIN STARTS BOYS' CLASS

Ruth Austin started a gymnasium class for six-year-old boys last week. It was some army mothers who thought of it and then their husbands were transferred to other fields, but the idea remained. Those who attended last Friday afternoon were Lucky Palme, Lloyd Carter, Peter Rooke-Ley and Peter DeWiss. They had fun, too; wore bathing trunks and learned all sorts of trick stuff.

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Jay Sees

NEWS OF SALINAS JUNIOR COLLEGE

By KATHRYN HAMM and EVALINE DIEKEMPER

"Local girl makes good." This caption goes to Carmel's own DAWN OVERHULSE. DAWN has proved her worth and now proudly, but oh so modestly, carries the title of feature editor of the Salinas Junior College paper, the "Battery." Besides all that to go to DAWN's head, she also writes beautiful editorial poems. She was selected from the staff to take over her job for the new semester.

Carmel students at S.J.C. seem to be taking over the spot light and have "taken up" with politics. ED BROCK, now a reporter on the college paper and publicity manager of the Ski Club—is being kept busier than a centipede with a hot foot. ED was elected as the new vice-president of the Neuman club which is for the Catholic students at J.C., and is again the chairman of the Rally committee which has helped the morale of the school spirit so greatly.

Not Jeannie but "JOYCE with the light brown hair" WHITE-COMB, again won the claim and favor of the students at J.C. and has again, been unanimously re-elected secretary of the popular Vagabond Club.

Sporting around in his new blue, model 'A,' is NOEL (DEE DEE to his friends) VAN BIRER. Proud of his car, and prouder yet that he was able to hold his own and tie for Presidency of the Vagabond Club.

Recently the J.C. Boxing team traveled to San Jose State and had a few rounds with the State team. Three local slugsters made the trip: they were JACK PELTON, FRANK ROSS and MARKHAM

JOHNSTON. Although J.C. didn't win all the events they did win two. JOHNSTON was one of the two winners.

Carmel students who are running true to form, have taken up the Art and the Drama. CAROL CARD, well known in Carmel for her art work, has gone in for drama, and will appear in "Ladies Alone," which is to be presented Friday the 14th in J.C.'s Little Theatre. In the same said play with CAROL, will be EVALINE DIEKEMPER, who has shown great promise in previous college productions.

In the same line, is the newly formed class of Radio Speaking, which will present a series of plays over KDON. Carmel students who will reveal their "hidden talent" will be PETE BRIGGS and KATHRYN HAMM.

The registration of Salinas Junior College received a one man boom when NATHANIAL VANESSA WHITE came to J.C. NATE, who has been doing secretarial work for a local writer is now a competent Battery reporter who, incidentally, is majoring in Art.

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Are You a Platterbug?

Are you a Platter Bug? No, we don't mean one of those fluffy and woolly insects in Don Blanding's marionette play. And we don't mean termites. And we certainly don't mean anything remotely resembling the late flu bug. Maybe you haven't met the genus *platterbugus*. To make it easy, here are his outstanding characteristics. . . . An avid, unquenchable yen for record catalogs and the little all-folded-up monthly supplements from Victor, Decca and Columbia. . . . A predilection for late-at-night recorded concerts on the radio, from "The Music You Want" to "Jack the Bellboy" and "The Milkmen's Matinee". . . . A hobby, whether it be the boogie-woogie piano of Jimmy Yancey, the polished finesse of Yella Pessl's harpsichord solos, the sophisticated baritone of Jean Sablon, or the brilliance of Stokowski's Brahms and the subtle shimmer of his Debussy. Yes, the Platter Bug collects records, plays records, lives with them, and loves them. He is a fussy crank about keeping his records spotless and shiny, he swears by one or another type of reproducing needle, and looks forward pensively to the day when he will own an automatic phonograph.

And so it is to the Platter Bug we direct these few words about what's new and what's good in the world of recorded music. . . . and there's plenty, what with the advance in the science of making high-fidelity discs, and the present craze for "good" popular music. . . . First of all, right in the patriotic vogue is radio's Raymond Paige and his new album, "Americana," an idea fresh as spring water, new as Vitamin B1, and to date the finest accompaniment for dinner conversation, or for that comfortable "just listening" mood. Four 12-inch records bring you, free from any entangling vocal choruses, such genuinely American "pop" music as "Rhapsody in Blue," "When Day Is Done," "Beautiful Ohio," "Moonlight and Roses," "Porgy and Bess," and others, all done up in Maestro Paige's super-symphonic manner, silken smooth, restful.

For rhumba and conga addicts we suggest a listen to a new album filled with the continental rhythms of Bert Ambrose, the "Latin from Mayfair." Ambrose has long been a favorite wherever British feet take to a dance floor, and of late the Ambrose cult has been on the increase in this country, chiefly because of his excellent recordings released on this side of the Atlantic. Ambrose de-natures the overly-boisterous, hotcha quality of Latin American dances, calming them down into graceful melodies rather than rhythmic orgies. Especially worthy of note is the Ambrose version of the tango "Nostalgias," and Ernesto Lecuona's famous rhumba, "Ali Baba." . . . Far and away the most charming small selection to come from the Columbia Record company in many moons is Ravel's Introduction and Allegro, exquisitely performed by the Styvesant String Quartet, with Laura Newell at the harp, and flute and clarinet accompaniment. In this delicate impressionistic gem, the personality of the greatest modern French craftsman, Maurice Ravel, at last meets its medium.

More than a passing glance should be awarded the Koussevitsky reading of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, a monumental undertaking for any orchestra, a musical barrier hurdled with great éclat by the Boston Symphony. For sheer brilliance

of performance, depth of emotional expression, and facility of instrumentation, this Koussevitsky-Brahms combination is tops. As this week's Platter-Bug-of-honor we nominate Mr. Ira Taylor of the Railway Express Agency. . . . Mr. Taylor collects opera records, especially Wagner, and his latest joy is an album of Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto. —M. H.

Squawkers Get Club Started

Birds of a feather flocked together last week at Pop Ernest's to form the Mother Nest of the new Peninsula organization which will call itself the Squawking Birdmen's Club — and the only qualification needed for any bird wishing to light on the mother nest being that he must hold some sort of a pilot's certificate or a special aeronautical rating.

With By Ford acting as tentative chairman a group of about 28 members and guests chartered their course by electing officers and approving a constitution and by-laws, to be known as the club's "flight plan." Thomas Mathews was elected president, Dr. D. L. Slipner vice-president, Winsor Josselyn secretary, Ernest Doelter treasurer, Mary Ann Harrington librarian and Robert Bratt sergeant at arms. After the meeting Bob Bratt provided entertainment and came through with a monologue and a pantomime.

And so was born the Mother Nest of the Squawking Birdmen Club. (It's the "Mother" Nest, Winsor explained, because there may be other nests scattered around our community.) Squawkers over on this side of the hill are Dick Collins, Alton Walker, By Ford and Winsor Josselyn.

Besides having one very jolly meeting each month these birds hope to promote flying and good fellowship.

THE 'V' IN KALTENBORN'S NAME MEANS—

Since announcing that H. V. Kaltenborn will speak under the management of Kit Whitman in Sunset Auditorium March 5, a great many people have asked about the "V" in his name.

It stands for "von." He dropped it during the First World War. He is the son of a Hessian Guards officer, Baron Rudolph von Kaltenborn, who came to America in protest against the absorption of Hesse by the Kingdom of Prussia. The Baron married an American school teacher and settled in Milwaukee. Hans von Kaltenborn was born in Milwaukee in 1878 and spent his early boyhood in the small town of Merrill, Wis.

Tickets for this interesting and outstanding event are now on sale at the Carmel Art Institute, and also at Abinante's in Monterey.

SYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

DOG DAYS --- AND NIGHTS



By JESSIE JOAN BROWN

The Protective League for the Underdog unanimously and enthusiastically elects General Joseph Stilwell as an extra special honorary member because of his great kindness and understanding in helping to mend a loyal old dog's broken heart by uniting Laddie with his lonesome young master, Private Everett Scott.

The League feels that a man with the great responsibility of Fort Ord on his shoulders who takes the time and trouble to see that a boy gets his dog is a great man indeed, and a very human one.

Twenty-one barks for General Stilwell!

Have you noticed a big, shiny station wagon about the village with three very solemn faces, topped by three magnificent pairs of ears, peering out of its windows? The three solemn faces (and the ears) belong to Bruin, Reta and Scamp Rayne. They are Welsh Corgis and belong to Derek Rayne, (the attractive young man who usually is driving the station wagon) and they all are champions.

Bruin is a native Californian, but Reta and Scamp are from England. They come from a very old family. The Corgis, ancestors came from the remote and wild districts of West Wales where their ancestry can be traced back to the original British dozen. (There is historical mention of the Corgis as far back as 1000 A.D.)

Occasionally there is a fourth head in the station wagon belonging to Percy, the fox terrier member of the Rayne household. Bruin, Reta, Scamp, and Percy make an interesting foursome and have a grand time together. And they all think Carmel is a very fine place indeed.

That colorful country gentleman, Prince Vassili of the Valley, is having a prominent member of the movie metropolis as his house guest, Rudolph von Hapsburg Lynn, whose master, George Peter Lynn, the well known actor, is visiting the Prince's family. Mr. and Mrs. Pavel Danilewski.

Prince Vassili also shyly told us that he is engaged, at last, and to his dream-girl Follow-me Peabody. Ah me, young love!

It was Triple Blessings for Mitzie Reidmund when she presented her master and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Reidmund with three little black Schipperke puppies. Things always seem to come to her by threes, Mitzie says, because she has only three legs. Anyhow she is so happy and excited over the triplets that she hasn't even had time to think of names for them yet. She is just three-stepping around in a beautiful pink cloud. She takes the babies with her, of course.

Zenas Potter says he doesn't see why everyone is making such a fuss over Laddie the dog who

was so loyal to one man, when his Susie is loyal to two families.

Judge Dudley Kinsell says that Laddie is the happiest dog in the world because he has a whole army post to himself.

CARLYLE LEWIS IS NOW IN PHOTO SQUADRON AT MOFFAT FIELD

Carlyle Lewis is in the army now, attached to Flight E, First Photo Squadron, at Moffat Field. He'll make aerial photography his life work, and will remain at Moffat Field until such time as there is an opening for him at the Army Photographic School in Denver.

Lewis was born in Carmel 26 years ago and attended the local schools. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Lewis of Carmel Woods. He sent in his application to the aerial photography section of the army some weeks ago. He immediately went up to take the necessary examinations and passed them without difficulty.

His interest in photography has been of long standing and he has been attending Leota Tucker's class in that subject at Carmel adult school.

Elimination play is now underway for selection of the Del Monte tennis team which will meet the California Tennis Club in Wrightman Cup play here March 2, Coach Byron de Mott announced this week.

Howard Kinney, coach of the San Francisco club, will bring a top rank squad including Betty Thomson and Betty Scofield here for the five singles and two doubles events of the tournament, which will open the Peninsula's spring tennis season.

The nine members of the Del Monte squad will be chosen from the following Peninsula players: Ann Earle, Rovell Ferguson, Joan Dekker, Jerry and Pat Shephard, Ann Whitman, Mary Wilhoit, Marion Barlow, Norma Prince Joan Thorne and Charlotte and Ruth Townsend.



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Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Kate Crane Gartz, well known philanthropist of Altadena, was a guest of Miss Anne Martin last week.

Kit Whitman spent last weekend at Coarse Gold with Colder who is staying up there until March 1. She left at 7 o'clock Monday morning and drove into Carmel about 11 o'clock. Had to use chains part of the way, the roads were so muddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Don Blanding are traveling in Central America. A card from them is postmarked Correo de Guatemala and they say they'll be home (which means Florida, we take it) about February 20. If anyone want the stamps on the card they can have 'em. by calling at THE CYMBAL office.

Sylvia Lent and Elizabeth Alexander were guests of Noel Sullivan's last week-end when they were on the Peninsula for Miss Lent's violin concert for the Carmel Music Society. They left early Sunday morning as Miss Alexander was accompanist for Lawrence Strauss that same afternoon in a concert at the Montalvo Foundation in Saratoga.

Frankenstein's husband, Alfred, had to stay home and look after their year-old baby.

Marie Short's son, Bill, was down for the week-end and squired her at the Music Society doings. He works for a bond house and he may be in Carmel to stay before very long. As for John Short, after about nine months on *The Chronicle* he's been made an assistant to Royce Brier. Congratulations are in order—but definitely.

Mrs. Clara K. Hall of Berkeley, well known here because of her semi-annual arrivals with the loveliest hand-knits in the world, will be here again the week of February 24. Her son, Sydney, has just put in a tow rope for the Placerville Ski Club at Twin Bridges and the forestry service wants him to put in a second. There are no accommodations for over-night guests so far—they just come for the day, bring their lunches and broil wienies and steaks, etc.—and ski all day. He's having a swell time with it.

"La Primavera," spring flower show of Santa Barbara, will be held at the Armory April 3 to 6, inclusive. We hear from Frank McCoy of El Encanto, that it's to be an especially fine one this year, and suggest that if you're contemplating a trip south this spring, you schedule it for this time.

Regular monthly luncheon for wives of officers at Fort Ord and the Presidio of Monterey, and wives of retired officers living on the Peninsula, is being held today at 12:30 p.m. at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

Edith Cox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cox, was hostess last Saturday night at the Mission Ranch Club when she invited about 40 of her friends to a dancing party. The ranch club ballroom was reserved for her and the crowd brought their own music.

Betty Place, granddaughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Place of Carmel, is the fiancée of Louis Kirby, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Kirby of Madrone. Announcement was made recently by Mrs.

Julia Place of Palo Alto, mother of the bride-elect. Miss Place is a graduate of Castilleja School.

Capt. and Mrs. Vic Sinclair have just moved into one of the Mission Ranch Club cabins. Capt. Sinclair is with the 53 Infantry.

Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford said goodbye to Mrs. Ford's daughter, Roe Arlen, early Tuesday morning. Roe, who is a student at Pomona College, has been visiting her Carmel family since last week Wednesday. Monday evening a classmate, Polly Love of San Francisco, drove down, and spent the night with her, and the two were off in a gale of wind the following morning. The holiday was the usual interlude that occurs after mid-year examinations.

Nancy Cocke Kohler was visiting her parents, Col. and Mrs. John Cocke of Mission street, for a couple of days this week.

The sixth bundle from heaven arrived for the Max Sheffields of Carmel Valley last Sunday evening at the Community Hospital. It is a boy and his name is Charles Stephen, weight seven pounds, 12 ounces, blue eyes and a good disposition. He was born just three hours before his brother Alexander's birthday. His mother, Lexy Grant Sheffield and he are doing nicely.

Louis Conlan, the decorative and personable, is back among us again as a citizen of the United States instead of a member of the armed forces of the aforementioned country. For some reason having to do with insufficient flying hours (sounds silly) Conlan has been dropped from the student class at Pensacola. He will continue to fly, however, and seek a private pilot's license. Some day, we are forced to fear, the country's going to need him and then, we hope, it will have the decency to apologize.

Dr. Edward O. Sisson of Carmel, professor emeritus of Reed College in Portland, is lecturing this week at the University of Utah and at Provo, Utah, under the auspices of the United States Department of Agriculture. His subject is philosophy and his lectures will be in connection with the Philosophical School which the Department of Agriculture maintains for its field workers. Dr. Sisson is frequently called upon to give these lectures.

James O. and Edith Greenan were divorced at Reno last Monday. The suit was filed by Mrs. Greenan who is a legal resident of Nevada.

Mr. and Mrs. J. D. LaLock are honeymooning at El Encanto in Santa Barbara and will soon be back in Carmel to make their home here.

In keeping with their new policy, directors of the Carmel Music Society gave a reception following the Sylvia Lent concert to which were invited members and friends of the music society. In former years smaller receptions have been held in private homes to which only the board and officers were invited. This one was held in the Carmel Art Gallery. Punch, coffee

and sandwiches and cakes were served, Franklin Dixon presiding over the punchbowl, Miss Emily Pitkin and Mrs. John O'Shea pouring the coffee. Guests had the privilege of meeting and chatting with Miss Lent and Miss Elizabeth Alexander, and the affair had the usual happy intimacy and informality that all such affairs manage to retain.

"Tiny" Johnston was 16 years old last week. Her mother, Mrs. Markham Johnston, arranged a dinner party for her in their Carmel home. Guests included Helen Wetzel, Nancy Coover, Mary Marshall, Eleanor Johnston, Marilyn Strasburger, Louise Marshall and Meta Gossler. Mrs. A. E. Price, who is "Tiny's" grandmother, assisted Mrs. Johnston in planning the affair.

Mr. and Mrs. Erik Dam of Fourth and Mission have a new son. He was born at the Peninsula Community Hospital last Sunday morning at 9:09 o'clock.

The Al Frys and their dog, Floppy, are on vacation and Al won't be back at La Playa desk until next Thursday. They're driving a new car, are at Yosemite Lodge this week, and will visit around the Bay Area before returning home.

J. W. Getsinger, head of Carmel Adult School, showed a Forest Conservation movie, "The Tree of Life" to members of the P.T.A. following their meeting and tea last Tuesday.

Miss Anne Olson, Monterey County home demonstration agent, spoke to members of the Carmelo Farm Bureau Home Department on "The Contribution of Citrus Fruits to the Diet" when they met at the home of Mrs. Walker K. Fisher. Following Miss Olson's talk, the members made up several of the recipes, including orange biscuits and fruit salad, which formed the refreshments for the tea hour.

Among those present were Mrs. George Koch, Mrs. Maude F. Stewart, Mrs. Don McKenzie, Jr., Mrs. H. J. Martin, Mrs. Cyril V. Church, Mrs. Roy Martin, Mrs. J. M. Fischer, Mrs. Pearl M. Dewing, Mrs. J. C. Anthony, Mrs. R. L. Grabill, Mrs. B. H. Schulte, Mrs. Andrew Stewart, Mrs. Ned Simmons, Mrs. Peter Girard, Mrs. Ed C. Smith, Mrs. W. B. Scott, Mrs. Forrest Pfeiffer, Mrs. Harry Fry, and Anne Martin, Anne Olson and Peggy Clough.

That stunning modern dwelling on Casanova in the final stages of completion and which has been designed and built by Jon Konigshofer, was seen by Marie Elizalde when she was here last week-end. Marie fell completely head-over-heels in love with it—and no wonder. It is painted a soft grey-blue, has louvered doors of Chinese vermillion, and the corner windows are hanging bays with softly curved metal roofing. If it can possibly be arranged, Mrs. Elizalde will be back again in a few weeks with her children, and will make this house her permanent home. We hope so. Somehow, the place looks like her.

Jon and Frances Konigshofer hope to begin work on their own

new home next Monday. It will be built on a lot not far from their present residence in Carmel Woods. As you probably know, the Konigshofers are expecting an addition to the family late in May or early June, and a larger house is quite necessary. Now Fran is keeping her fingers crossed hoping it will be finished in time.

Wanda M. Clark and Roland R. Ross, Jr., both of Carmel, were married in Reno recently.

A playhouse of her own, completely furnished and with its own electricity and running water, belongs to Becky Bell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank M. Bell of La Loma Terrace. It was there she entertained several of her friends last Friday and celebrated her eleventh birthday. The young hostess served tea to her guests and passed cookies that she had made herself the evening before the party. After tea, the girls played house with dolls from Becky's collection.

Her guests were Nadine Houser, Joan Chappell, Roberta Roberts, Mary Bragg, Betty May Goulart and Shirley Petty.

Mrs. Argyll Campbell was in San Jose last week to join other members of her family in honoring her mother, Mrs. Milo D. Phelps, who celebrated her ninety-third birthday on February 3. The birthday cake place before Mrs. Phelps had a candle on it for each of her children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren.

MAPS
by Jo Mora
and
Covarrubias

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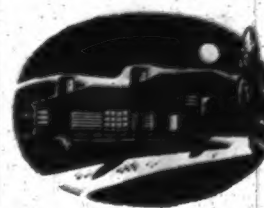
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SPINDLING IT OFF

In the days gone by, love-sick suitors took the Fourteenth of February seriously and were trapped into paying as much as \$25 for valentines—unwieldy monstrosities resembling

a combination of a wedding cake, a sofa pillow and a coo-coo clock. Completely irresistible must have been the elaborate valentines "in which a white enamelled cupid appeared with wings picked out in silver amid a network of balusters, tassels, escallop-shells, seaweed, and monster tulips" which a London magazine proudly described 50 years ago. But after the Civil War a period of decadence set in and valentines shook off the flowering verses garnished with bleeding hearts, clasped hands, cupid knots and doves all entwined amongst silk fringe and lace paper and boiled themselves down to the modern commercialized valentines with no trimmings — ones which come directly to the point with such verses as:

*Aint got nothin'
Never had nothin'
Don't want nothin'
'Cept you!*

The Lovers' Saint — Although there is no way of proving the story, most authorities agree that the festival is named in honor of St. Valentine, although he isn't in any way the direct cause of this February observance. Most appealing of the various stories is the one which tells of when the Emperor Claudius issued a decree forbidding marriage as married men didn't like to leave all the comforts of home for war and in this way it was hoped that the army would get more rugged and willing warriors. Dismayed at this unusual new law, the priest Valentine invited young lovers to come to him and he would secretly marry them. This practice was soon discovered by the Emperor who had Valentine dragged to prison where he died a martyr to love. Later on when the Church was trying to replace heathen divinities with ecclesiastical saints they made a saint of Valentine and allotted to him February 14, the day of his death. This is a possible origin by which St. Valentine's Day came to be known as the day for all true lovers. And so it was that we descended from "martyrdom to mushiness."

Birds, too, choose their mates on Valentine's Day—this is an old belief which still exists in some rural sections. At one time the young children went out before daylight on that morning to try and catch an owl and two sparrows in a net, for if they did it was a good omen and entitled them to gifts from the villagers. In 1381 Chaucer wrote:

*For this was on seynt Volantynys day
When every bryd comyth there
to chese his mate.*

The oldest Valentine custom stems originally from the Roman Lupercalia festival when on the eve of St. Valentine's day young people would meet and draw names by lot from a number of names which were in an urn. Each person would draw a slip (a "valentine") and the person whose name was on the slip became the holder's sweetheart for the year. This custom, with more social frills, was later very popular during the Middle Ages amongst all classes in England, Scotland and parts of France.

Later on in the 17th Century it was no longer just a simple matter of slips of paper, it began to be a more expensive affair for the lovers. The girls would declare their choice of sweethearts on St. Valentine's morning in expectation of receiving a gift from them (pieces of jewelry costing thousands of dollars not being unusual). Samuel Pepys wrote in 1666, "By and by comes Mrs. Pierce with my name in her bosom for her Valentine, which will cost me money."

Strange customs and superstitions—In parts of England the girls used to look through the keyhole on the morning of St. Valentine's Day and if they saw just one object or person it meant that they would be unmarried all year, but if they saw two or more objects or persons they were sure to have a sweetheart pretty quick; however, if they were lucky enough to catch a glimpse of a cock or a hen, they might as well sit right down and plan their wedding for they would be married before the year was out. Drastic measures were often taken by the girl who wanted to be sure of being married soon. — The night before Valentine's Day a young girl would pin four bay-leaves to the four corners of her pillow and the fifth in the middle and if she dreamt of her sweetheart it meant that they would be married within 12 months. But to make this dream a positive thing, she would hard-boil an egg, take out the yolk and replace it with salt and, before going to bed, she would then not only eat the egg and salt, but shell and all went down and she was neither to speak (as if she could) or drink after it. If this didn't give her a nice vivid dream of her lover, she really didn't have much of a chance.



The crude comic valentine made its appearance around 1860 and many blushing and trembling spinsters tore open

valentines which turned out a sad disappointment and not much encouragement—
*With such a shape and voice and face
Too soon you've found the Jump
Off Place
You've had your day, but now,
shop-worn,
'Twere better you had ne'er been
born.*

In the 1700's some ingenious wooer carved hearts and flowers all over a slender piece of wood which turned out to be a corset board.

So the history of the valentine includes the emperor Claudius, bird matings, ancient festivals with affection later culminating in fancy heart shaped cards with lace for amorous tokens—all dripping with love and adoration. Even the corset boards dripped. Today we don't drip. We just say, "Hey Babe, I go for you. How about it?"

—ELIZABETH HOUGHTON

THE SNACK IS SOLD

Announcement is made this week that Mr. and Mrs. David Arnold have bought the Snack taproom and will also run the restaurant above it. The Snack has been operated by Rudy Brumer and his wife, Peggy, since

Aid-Chinese Plan Is Given Impetus At Carmel Tea

People on the Monterey Peninsula received first-hand information concerning the Chinese Industrial Co-operatives last New Year's when Mrs. Edgar Snow, fresh from China, was a guest of Mrs. Theodore Criley at Carmel Highlands.

Miss Emily Pitkin, picking up the gauntlet, gave a tea at her home last Friday, inviting a number of women who she thought would be interested in the "industrial defense" plan and who would be willing to help. Present were Mrs. John O'Shea, Mrs. Ralph Coote, Mrs. Albert Marshall, Miss Alison Stilwell, Mrs. W. J. Allen of Pacific Grove, Miss Orre Haseltine and Mrs. Criley. They discussed the new co-operative units and their own plan to organize a committee of 100 women, each of whom will turn in, either individually or by solicitation of small amounts, the sum of \$7, which is the amount necessary to put one Chinese through a training school in order that he may become a part of a unit.

Admiral Yarnell, who spoke here Thanksgiving Day, heads the New York committee for aid to Chinese Industrial Co-operatives. Mrs. Lee O. Kellogg is the treasurer of the local group which is just getting underway.

On Wednesday Mrs. Coote called another meeting at her home. Present were Mrs. Jesse Lynch Williams, Mrs. Valentine Mott Porter, Miss Rowena Beans, Miss Flavia Flavin, Mrs. Louis C. Ralston, Mrs. Mast Wolfson, Mrs. Ralph Skene and Mrs. Lee Kellogg who brought Mrs. Ernest Leffingwell, Mrs. J. D. Colomy, Mrs. Joseph Schoeninger, Mrs. Karl Rendtorff and Miss Ida Maynard Curtis.

MRS. WILLIAM S. CARROLL DIES IN CARMEL

Private funeral services were held last Monday afternoon for Mrs. William S. Carroll, who died in Carmel Sunday after a prolonged illness.

Mrs. Carroll was well known in Carmel and the peninsula, having spent summers here for many years with her daughter, Maud C. Carroll.

A native of Boston, she made her home in Washington, D.C., where she was prominent in civic and social affairs. Mrs. Carroll was the wife of the late William S. Carroll of Baltimore and Washington.

Mrs. Carroll is survived by her daughter, Maud C. Carroll, of Pacific Grove; her son, William S. Carroll, of Santa Monica and her stepdaughter, Grace E. Carroll, of Pebble Beach.

Paul's Mortuary was in charge of arrangements and interment will be made in Baltimore.

it was opened six years ago. For almost a year it was Carmel's only tap room and has become quite famous throughout the country. Incidentally, but without significance, is the police notation that the place was broken into Monday night of this week and \$50 and a bottle of rye whisky stolen.

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Rare Charm and Art of Sylvia Lent Draw People Through Storm To Fill House at Auditorium

Sylvia Lent, violinist, appearing before a full house last Saturday night in spite of the rain, in the second concert of the Carmel Music Society series, presented a program that paid the highest possible compliment to our musical concepts and powers of appreciation.

Standing before us, slim, young, and with a sweet sort of arrogance, Miss Lent made us immediately aware of a very special quality of tone, and of her awareness of the obligations imposed upon her by the music. The composers, could they have been present, would have sighed in relief, knowing their work to be quite safe in her hands. Why even the calla lilies extended their trumpets toward her and gave their undivided attention.

The *Concerto in A major No. 5* of Mozart was the opening number, and the *Sonata in D minor No. 3* of Brahms, which followed, completed the first half of the program. In both of these numbers Elizabeth Alexander, at the piano, shared honors equally with Miss Lent, and the audience was quick to respond to her outstanding performance. Outside of the fact that Miss Alexander's musicianship was so flawless, she made a beautiful appearance at the piano. Surely no carriage was ever as queenly, no arms and hands so graceful.

Although the Mozart *Concerto* was an ideal "opener" having more lift to it than the usual "first" on a program, it was the Brahms *Sonata* that remains unforgettable—a glorious musical experience in which every member of the audience shared. It demanded a lot of both violin and piano both in execution and interpretation.

A group of modern things formed the second half of Miss Lent's program. In *Pantomime of de Falla* and *The Fountain of Arethusa* of Szymanowski, muted strings produced a gloriously soft and sensuous tone. Although

Miss Lent's performance was not outstanding for its fire and spirit, it was not lacking in beauty. Her phrasing was exquisite; her sustained notes sustained to a point of delicacy where a mere breath would shatter them; chromatic glissandos were delivered with apparent effortlessness—all in all, a scholarly performance by a musician well-schooled as far as execution is concerned, and with a deep and pure desire to express completely the story that music has to tell, but handicapped by a little thing known as physical inertia, which may or may not be a temporary set-back.

In physical appearance as well as that more nebulous quality of personality, Sylvia Lent reminded me so much of the late Katherine Mansfield, my best beloved writer. Similarity may even proceed to the point where they share that lack of physical energy that made Miss Mansfield's life a continual battleground for producing the work she knew she had to produce. —M. W.

Carmel Public Relations Bureau Has Exhibit Of News Clippings

Carmel's Public Relations Bureau now boasts a bulletin board.

At headquarters in the Seven Arts Shop clippings of articles published about Carmel may be inspected by anyone who so wishes to see them. Articles about Carmel's art activities, designed to bring the more tasteful people here, are being sent to California newspapers and, on occasion, papers outside. They have already appeared as far east as Chicago.

Twenty-nine individuals are supporting the work of the bureau and Elizabeth Paine welcomes all their suggestions and criticisms as well as those of others who may have their own ideas about the kind of publicity Carmel ought to have.

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OVER THE CRACKER BARREL AT ROSIE'S

We hear that:

The C. B. Ed having tripped on the top step—and not at the Snack, either—spent the greater part of the week in the atmosphere of antiseptics and X-ray cameras but the master minds failed to find anything more serious than a strained ligament in the ankle, which is not at all romantic, conducive to little sympathy, awkward to handle, on the comedy side for looks—but still damned painful!

In the meantime things were happening up the valley just the same and C. B. Ed got back from town in time to glean a few pertinent facts.

First off, Frank Porter got a telegram clean from Washington, D.C., assuring us folks here at Robles that our daily mail service will be resumed and none of this three times a week stuff—beginning February 17. A lot of us who don't get down to the store around 10 or 11 were not aware of the fact that we were being cut down to this three-a-week business, but then as did make a pretty noisy protest and the government knows better than to fiddle around with the valleyites. More power to Frank for his good work.

The house on the right hand side of the road as you come up—the one that has just been painted firemen's red, belongs to Marian Kingsland and now nobody can say they couldn't find her place because it sure is a good bright red she put on it.

And right next to her place that bulging and warped knotty pine affair is the results of loving labor by Glen Halvern. He

said it was no time of the year to build, what all with rains et ceteras coming down, but Dorothy must have some strange power over the Big Swede, because the foundations were poured in the rain, the garage started in the rain, and the house frame went up in the rain. Finally even Dot gave in to the rain and now the outer walls are pretty fancy but maybe with a good hot flat iron they can be put back in to shape. But she won't yet admit that Glen was right.

Those citizens who have heretofore taken liberties with Mr. Chic Gross of Laureles will please to cease any such familiarities. Chic is now to be addressed as Professor Gross and that is no rib. He has taken the position as Instructor of Mechanics for the National Defense Program in Salinas and his first class consisted of 25 young recruits from over at Ord who want to learn car maintenance. At the end of the third day he was seen carrying three additional brief cases, and is hiring a private secretary this week.

Mrs. Colonel McIntosh is down in bed with a bad attack of sinus which she contracted while down toward Santa Barbara way. Maybe she'll learn to stay home where we only get slight headaches and where Mott is handy to prescribe special drops for us. But we all hope she is feeling much better soon as Mac says he does not care for batching so much as he does for her tender care. But when we called on her we saw it was no bluff—she was pretty sick and we all send our best wishes to her.

—ELIZABETH FRIELSON

Hulsewes Hosts at Tea For Church Officers

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Hulsewé gave a tea at their home, Rutgershold, in Hatton Fields last Sunday afternoon to welcome the new officers and their wives who are affiliated with All Saints' Church. Also invited were the chaplains of the Presidio and Fort Ord and their ladies.

Spring flowers decorated the house and assisting Mrs. Hulsewé were Mrs. Eleanor Brucker, Miss Helen Mason and Miss Jean Newman. Mrs. J. B. Shinberger, Mrs. J. E. McMahon, Mrs. L. A. Quinn and Mrs. Thornton Chase presided at the tea table.

Among those who called were Lieut. R. D. Williams, Capt. and Mrs. E. A. Barlow, Lieut. and Mrs. William Ross, Col. and Mrs. Thornton Chase, Capt. and Mrs. Joseph B. Coolidge, Major and Mrs. W. H. DeLange, Capt. and Mrs. H. M. Gleason, Col. H. P. Hallowell, Col. and Mrs. J. E. McMahon, Col. and Mrs. L. A. Quinn, Capt. and Mrs. J. B. Shinberger, Capt. and Mrs. R. G. Thomas, Major and Mrs. W. D. Webb, Capt. and Mrs. S. M. Lansing, Col. and Mrs. Leslie Jensen, Lieut. and Mrs. J. B. Hipple, Capt. and Mrs. D. M. Hoon, Capt. and Mrs. Robert Cole, Col. and Mrs. R. M. Sandusky.

Also Chaplain H. C. Head, Chaplain and Mrs. E. L. Kirtley, Chaplain and Mrs. Barron, Chaplain and Mrs. W. M. Frost, Chaplain and Mrs. Fleischer, Chaplain J. C. Crowson, Chaplain and Mrs. Edward, Chaplain Finnegan, Miss Finnegan, Chaplain and Mrs. Richmond, Chaplain and Mrs. Morgan, Chaplain and Mrs. Ahl, Chaplain and Mrs. Moehlmann, Chaplain and Mrs. Praed, Chaplain Wright and Chaplain A. E. Murray.

Bridge Lessons To Aid Fund for Veterans

The Legion Auxiliary has thought up a new plan for raising money to be given to needy veterans and their families—Lt. Commander Earl W. Jukes, who formerly taught bridge professionally in New York and Washington, has offered to give bridge lessons one night weekly at the Legion Hall at 25 cents per person, with all proceeds going towards the Legion Auxiliary fund.

This is a fine opportunity for anyone interested in learning how to play bridge under a competent instructor with the money going towards a worthy cause. If this idea appeals to enough people, the plan will start to materialize in the very near future. Those who are interested are asked to call Mrs. Lee Gottfried at 936 in Carmel or Mrs. E. W. Jukes at Monterey 3971.

BACH REHEARSALS TUESDAY EVENINGS AT SUNSET

Charles Fulkerson is directing the rehearsals for the Bach Festival in the lunch room at Sunset School at 7:30 o'clock Tuesday evenings. The first rehearsal of the year was held this week. They will continue until July.

AFTER THE RAIN your tweeds look like weeds. They bag at the knees, wilt at the elbows and sag in the shoulder line. It's no effort to regain that impeccable look. Two-four-two is a magic number. Call it and presto they are pressed!

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40 Male Singers At Cascarone Festival

Forty male singers, in costume, will bring back songs of early California at the Cascarone Ball February 25.

From the historical standpoint this will be interesting, and it's something of a step forward in music, for the singers are the local Peninsula Male Chorus and this will be their first public appearance as a group.

Jaffrey Harris has been drilling them for more than a month, getting them into the swing of things in the way that his British National Opera Chorus formerly did. These singers of Carmel, Monterey and Pacific Grove are not as far behind the British professionals as you might think.

"That's because they're alert," Harris explained. "They are men who have made their way in business, in medicine and in law. Individually they are much quicker to understand and pick up fine points than the professional chorus singers. Of course, they haven't a big repertoire. Man for man, they may not sing as well, but in a group, if a voice lacks certain overtones, other voices supply the lack. Your group quality here is rich. No, I wouldn't say you could rate the professionals above them."

This reporter isn't willing to go as far as that; at least, not until he's heard the chorus in its first public showing. The dictionary can stay closed and we'll keep those adjectives warm—all of them.

'BEAUTIFYING CARMEL'S BOOZE BUSINESS' TO BE DR. CROWTHER'S TOPIC

Dr. James E. Crowther will tackle the local booze situation in his sermon on Sunday morning at the Church of the Wayfarer. His theme will be: "Beautifying Carmel's Boozing Business." Mrs. Verna Heinzelman, soprano, will sing, "He Shall Give His Angels Charge," by John Prindle Scott. Miss Jewell Brookshier will play the following organ selections: "Andante Religioso, Thome; Largo, from Dvorak's 'New World Symphony'; Poche, Fibich; Polonaise, Chopin. The service is at eleven.

STANFORD FOOTBALL STAR IN FORT ORD BATTALION

Pete Zager, a graduate in mining engineering with a year and a half of graduate work at Stanford toward his professional degree in mining engineering, was among the selectees received last week by the 75th Field Artillery Battalion at Fort Ord's main Garrison. Zager was an all-conference tackle and captain of Stanford's football team in 1938-39. He was one of the many trainees who are bringing the batteries of the battalion to authorized strength.

The quality of men received so far is very high, according to battalion officers.

CYMBAL CLASSIFIED ADS cost little for one insertion, less per line for two, still less for three.

Revive the Abalone League, Carmel's Contribution to the Great American Game! Group Meet To Start It

In high hopes of bringing back the good old days of the Abalone League when local men, women and children spent their Sunday afternoons running madly around a baseball diamond giving their all for their respective teams, some of the old timers met last Monday night to chart a revitalizing schedule which would bring the Abalone League back to life.

Tal Josselyn, Dick Masten, Doc Staniford, Arthur Hull and John Hobson met to talk over such plans and Tal, one of the charter members who practically pried off the original abalone, spoke on the history of the League since its formation 20 years ago. Helen Heavey, Otto Bardarson, By Ford, Frank Shea and Charlie Van Riper (all former bat swingers) had wanted to be at the meeting, but couldn't make it. Those who were there, though, made plans which they hoped would find the league functioning strongly by the middle of March to continue on its way through the middle of May with the total number of games depending on the number of teams formed. There would be two games played between the various teams every Sunday afternoon on the High School field and on each team would be 10 players—two ladies and one grammar school child will be allotted to each team.

All those interested, whether gifted or ungifted along baseball playing lines, are urged to sign at Staniford's Drug Store or at the Sunset School to help make the old League what it used to be. When registering, the fee of \$1 must also be paid to go towards buying bats, balls, umpire masks and all the necessary equipment.

The League has slipped into inactivity during the last three years and those who remember seeing By Ford hitting a four bagger, Harrison Godwin sliding ungracefully to third, or Charlie

Van Riper having a very heated argument with Umpire Doc Staniford, can't help but wish to bring back the days of the Abalone League—and those who have never had the rich and incomparable experience of participating in or seeing one of these indescribable Sunday afternoon baseball games, couldn't possibly have any conception of what's in store for them.

Sunset Menu

Monday—Cream of mushroom soup, stewed tomatoes, macaroni and cheese, Hawaiian salad, ice cream.

Tuesday—Beef broth and barley, carrots, lima beans Spanish, Sunset salad, peach cobbler.

Wednesday—Vegetable soup, artichokes, mashed potatoes and gravy, peach and cottage cheese salad, chocolate pudding.

Thursday—Cocoa, peas, hot dogs, mixed fruit gelatine salad, ice cream.

Friday—Cream of celery soup, string beans candied sweet potatoes, shrimp salad, apple sauce and cookies.

MITZI EATON IS SHOWING MARIONETTES TO PUPILS OF OAKLAND SCHOOLS

Mitzi Eaton graced Ocean avenue for a few days this last week-end. She's in Oakland now. She and Kent Munson, who ran the Eaton marionettes here for a while after John Eaton had gone east, are booking the marionettes in the Oakland public schools as a sort of public education project. They are putting on "Are You a Bug" and Mitzi's own "Magic Chest." The marionettes are shown at the various schools and the children pay 10 cents each to see them. The funds so obtained are split between the producers and the milk fund for the schools.

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Immense Fort Ord Hospital Will Open Soon

The immense new Fort Ord Station Hospital with 1500 beds which spreads itself through 104 buildings and has everything from operating rooms to isolation wards, will be opened for business any day now under the direction of Lt. H. L. Kraft. During this last week the finishing touches have been put on and supplies and equipment have been steadily streaming in to this hospital, which will be one of the largest station units on the entire Pacific coast.

The new hospital will be completely equipped with the latest in medical supplies and will have numerous operating rooms, all types of wards for both officers and men, X-ray and therapy rooms, kitchens and mess halls. The 104 buildings are all connected with six miles of covered walks which will make it possible for patients to be wheeled from one building to another without being exposed.

Colonel Kraft is surgeon in charge with the authorized strength of the medical personnel for the new hospital, including a small staff at the Presidio, being 53 officers, 125 nurses, 400 enlisted men and almost 100 civilian employees all of whom will help run this mammoth plant constructed for the sick men of the army.

++

A slide which recently blocked the Redwood Highway, U.S. 101, at Lane's Redwood Flat has been cleared and traffic is going through without interruption, reports the California State Automobile association.

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CARMEL HIGH SCHOOL NEWS

With high hopes for a better student government and social program during the coming semester, the newly-elected commissioners of the Carmel High School met Monday afternoon to plan their budget.

President Ally Vidorini, Vice-president Toland Doud, Secretary Mary Marshall, and Commissioners Jacqueline Klein, Ann Mills, Elaine McEntire and Peter Elliott approved the budget form outlined to them by Lloyd Miller, faculty advisor and the commissioners of boys' and girls' athletics, Peter Elliott and Jacqueline Klein, were instructed to interview Coach John Hobson as to the probable cost of the spring semester's athletic program.

Numerous dances, school activities and other functions are being planned by the commissioners.

To acquaint high school students with some of the problems awaiting them in college and gaining a livelihood, representative speakers from the various professions and businesses of the community and Peninsula will be invited in the near future to address the seniors of the Carmel High School, Superintendent Otto Bardarson said today.

Joe Moroney of Mr. Craig's group has been compiling a list of occupations for the last few weeks. The talks are to be informal sketches of the speaker's work, its requirements, college training, etc., its advantages and disadvantages, its rewards and disappointments. The seniors especially are interested in such a straightforward informal revelation of what a pro-

fession entails and in what fields of business and commerce they may find opportunities, for in 17 more weeks they will graduate.

IT WAS A BRAWL

In a game marred by foul, near-fights, and general bad sportsmanship, the Carmel High School Padres lost their second game to the Monterey High School Toreador basketball teams Tuesday afternoon on the Bay City court.

The heavyweight encounter showed both rivals at their worst. So much time and energy were spent revenging real and fancied wrongs during the first half that several times the game threatened to become a brawl. At the half time, however, Coach Hobson raked his quintet over the coals for substituting wrestling for basketball, despite the provocations, and Coach Youngman of Monterey threatened the Toreador players with cancellation of the game if better sportsmanship and tactics did not appear immediately. The second half was a basketball game. Monterey won, 37-22.

The lightweight contest, although ending 42-18 in favor of Monterey, was a much better game. Gordy Miyamoto, Jackie Mayes, and Kenney Jones doing good work.

This Saturday night both Carmel teams journey to Salinas. Salinas, rated best in the league, does not feel particularly apprehensive about Carmel, but the local boys should make things hot for the league-leaders, at least for the first half.

Troupers Are at It Again in First Theater

(Continued from Page One)

of true melodrama—a mine in the offing; a deed in the fireplace; a dastardly villain who appears at the window at the right moment to discover the hiding place; a hero who appears most adroitly in time to foil him; and three love affairs all going at once.

Louis Dubin, as *Julian Grey*, is playing his first straight role too. As the romantic lead, he is a tenderfoot who loves *Chip* so much that he refuses to leave Golden Gulch unless she goes with him.

Outside of the fact that melodrama appeals to our risibilities because it concerns a day that is past when people behaved in a manner which we cannot possibly fit into our present way of living, "The Three G's" is amusing because of the delightful comedy that is inherent in the situation itself. The romance between *Judge Thompson* (Roland Scheffler) and *Henrietta Wells*, the new schoolmarm from Boston (played by Martha Welty (is absolutely delicious in its humor.

Another romance between *Bedelia* (Barbara Stitt) and *Dennis Mulcahy* (Whipple Gregerson) will have the audience in stitches too.

For the villain, they have the villain of all villains, Billy Shepard (remember him as the drunkard in "Ten Nights") who plays the part of *Jake Dalton*, and will give you the cold shudders while so doing. Billy rates a professional standing. He's been in little theatre since the early days of the Golden Bough, and even traveled with a road company for a while. He's one of the choice gems of the Troupers, and maybe you don't think they know it.

Bob McMenamin has been lured over to the First Theater and will appear for the first time as

the *Darkey Mascot*. He's doing a black face number in the olio too. Bob is a natural for the Troupers, and they're so glad to have him with them.

George Woolsey is in the cast as *Jim Jordan*, the owner of the "Last Chance" mine. Milton Stitt plays the *bartender*, and Eddie George the *stage driver*, but Eddie is also making his debut as *Master-of-Ceremonies*. The Troupers think they've got the best olio yet. Their "So Long Mary" number, which includes five boys, five suitcases and *Mary*, seems slated for an "Oscar" or something. Bob McMenamin and Louise Welty are in another hilarious thing called "Napanee," complete with Indians.

It's all very special entertainment. You'll find it nowhere else but on the Monterey Peninsula and how you'll love it!

FORTIER CHANGES HIS MIND, AND SO DOES WALT PILOT

(Continued from Page One)

doubling the area of the dairy. What will Ewig do with his present post office site? There's one thing he could do with it, if the city would again consider the possibilities. He could rent it for a city hall, until the city does acquire a permanent site. He has room upstairs for a council chamber and seven offices, a lot more room than the city has now.

We think it would be a wise move on the part of the council.

ALL SAINTS SERVICES

At All Saints' Church next Sunday the Service of Holy Communion will be held at 8 a.m., and the Church School opens at 9:30 a.m.

The Rev. C. J. Hulswé will deliver the sermon message at the 11 o'clock Service of Morning Prayer. The Organ Offertory will be Johann Sebastian Bach's *Sinfonia* with Alice Lee Keith at

CLASSIFIED ADS

10 cents a line for one insertion. 15 cents a line for two insertions. 20 cents a line for three insertions. 25 cents a line for four insertions. Minimum charge 20 cents. Count five words to a line.

REAL ESTATE FOR SALE

LOT BARGAIN in Carmel Woods—2 lots that have been priced at \$850 being offered for quick sale for \$700. Ideal for a home, or two smaller cottages can be built on them. Beautiful trees, nice outlook. All utilities including sewer available. Bargains in lots are getting scarce. ASK ANY CARMEL BROKER or see CARMEL REALTY COMPANY, Ocean Avenue. (tf)

THREE BEDROOM house, Randall Way & 5th, Hutton Fields. Ready February 15; 4 bedroom & 3 bath on Ladera Drive, Mission Tract, ready February 1. Both can be bought under liberal FHA terms with monthly payments half the rental value. CARL BENSBERG, owner build-Carmel 1543. (tf)

EXCELLENT HOME site or investment. SW corner 12 & Camino Real. 40 x 100. Price \$1905. Terms. Phone Carmel 1185-W or address E. Phillips RFD No. 1, Box 663-B, Los Altos, Calif. (8)

CARMEL VALLEY cabin site cleared for building. Private tract. 50 x 150. Close to river and Robles del Rio store. \$150 cash for quick sale. No agents. P. O. Box 988 Carmel (tf)

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APARTMENTS FOR RENT

NOW AVAILABLE—Attractive, unfurnished apartment. 2 bedrooms. Service porch. Mission, bet. 12th and 13th. Phone 1626. (tf)

the organ, and the full vested choir will participate in this service. Welty's *In Green Pastures* and *Batiste's Elevation* are included in the musical program.

++

Douglas School enjoyed an excellent fireside musicale Sunday evening, February 2. The two artists were Michael Mann, violinist, and Anna Grant Dall, pianist.

Carmel Hospitality

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KNOW ALL MEN BY THESE PRESENTS:

That I, the undersigned, WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY, do hereby certify:

That my name in full is WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY, and that my place of residence is Robles Del Rio, Monterey County, California;

That I am transacting business in the State of California under the fictitious name and style of ROBLES DEL RIO STORE, and that I am the sole owner and proprietor of said business; that the principal place of business is Robles Del Rio, Monterey County, California.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand this 1st day of February, 1941.

WILLIAM IRWIN HENRY (STATE OF CALIFORNIA) ss. COUNTY OF MONTEREY)

On this 1st day of February, 1941, before me, SHELBURN ROBISON, a notary public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California, personally appeared William Irwin Henry known to me to be the person whose name is subscribed to the within instrument, and he duly acknowledged to me that he executed the same.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal, at my office in the County of Monterey, the day and year in this certificate first above written.

SHELBURN ROBISON
Notary Public in and for the County of Monterey, State of California.
SHELBURN ROBISON
Attorney-at-Law
Box 1686, Carmel, California.
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'Bundles' Party Next Thursday At La Ribera

The Bundles for Britain group is getting ready for its next gathering which is to be held Thursday night, Feb. 20, at La Ribera Hotel. Things will start about 8 o'clock with all sorts of games for those who don't play bridge—to be topped off by refreshments served later in the evening. The public is invited to come and tickets are 50 cents. Any spare clothes which anyone might have would be greatly appreciated to help fatten up the Bundles.

Last Wednesday Mrs. Burleigh H. Murray was very excited about having just mailed 200 pounds of clothes and medical supplies off to England—Mrs. Mary Giesting having proved herself a particularly able package-packer. Mrs. Murray also feels that special bouquets should go to Mrs. George Cummings for her work at the head of the sewing department and Mrs. Saxton Pope as chairman of the knitting group both of whom are doing fine work in encouraging and helping those working under them. The work is going along as such a fast pace that Mrs. Murray says it won't be long before a large assortment of clothes, all beautifully hand-made, will be shipped off across the sea.

In a month \$500 has been raised by Bundles for Britain which will eventually go towards buying a mobile canteen rather than an ambulance, as was originally planned, for it has been found that the mobile canteens are now in greater demand than the ambulances.

MARY INGELS MARRIED AT LAS VEGAS

Mary Ingels is married. She has wed Tony Riviera, a top-ranking cartoonist, who has been with Walt Disney for seven years. The ceremony took place at Las Vegas, Nevada, last Sunday. The only thing we heard of him before the announcement was during the holidays when Mary was here. She simply had to get back to Hollywood for her New Year's date who was a darling and that was Tony.

Mary's music-making will not cease. Indeed she will have more time for the important part, which is composing. She will give up her daily work as accompanist for Adolph Boim's classes and help him only when he is producing a ballet, which is more exciting than the routine work.

In her work as accompanist to Ruth Austin and Adolph Boim Mary has written dance music in quantities. She has turned out a piece at a moment's notice to suit the dancer's need until she has become as efficient at improvising as a reporter is at writing a news story. And when Mary whips them out they are not just time and tune; they are important music.

More seriously speaking, Mary slaves for weeks over the polishing and perfecting of a ballet. But we were writing of Mary's marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Tony Riviera will visit friends and family on the Monterey Peninsula when Walt Disney will let him have a few days off.

Sodality Is Planned At Carmel Mission

Breakfast will be served in Crespi Hall after the 8 o'clock mass at the Carmel Mission next Sunday, Feb. 16, for those students who have been confirmed or are of high school age. The purpose of this get-together is to discuss plans for the re-organiza-

'Santa Fe Trail' at Carmel Theatre Sunday; 'East of the River' Now



LOUISE WELTY, in the title role of "The Girl of the Golden Gulch," now playing at the First Theater in Monterey, looks as though she might be anybody's Valentine, albeit a bit saucy.

"East of the River," starring John Garfield, Brenda Marshall and Marjorie Rambeau, is at the Carmel Theatre tonight and tomorrow. This is a moving drama of life in New York's lower East Side and tells the story of Mom Raviola's attempt to raise two boys in this hard-bitten section. One turns out a hoodlum, the other an honorable student. When they fall in love with the same girl it takes Mama Raviola to straighten things out. George Tobias and William Lundigan are in the supporting cast.

Thrills, color, action and excitement are the order of the days from Sunday through Tuesday when "Santa Fe Trail" is

being shown at this theatre. With Errol Flynn and Olivia de Havilland topping the big-name cast, and Michael Curtiz as the director, "Santa Fe Trail" will top all the blood'n thunder pictures you've yet seen. The Santa Fe trail has a long, glorious and gory history. More a living thing than a cross-continental route, it wended its way from "bloody" Kansas to wicked Santa Fe back in the days when Fort Leavenworth was the last outpost of civilization.

Principals in the exciting chapter of history are Jeb Stuart, General George Custer and John Brown.

'The Most Important Thing in the Life Of a Child is That Its Parents Be Happy,' Dr. Ott Tells P.-T. A.

Dr. Evelyn Raynolds Ott, noted psychiatrist and child psychologist, speaking before the Parent-Teachers' Association at Sunset School library last Tuesday afternoon, said, "No one should tell anyone else how to bring up children!" and went on to say that "while a child likes to have a pattern for discipline, it is a mistake for the parents to strive for perfection in themselves as an example. It is more the function of the school to present the discipline pattern." Dr. Ott thinks that the worst place in the world to bring up children is with their parents, and yet, the essential elements of basic security in a child's life can only be given to them by their parents. The child has to feel it belongs to someone; has to feel that someone is responsible for it, and will care for it in spite of all its faults.

The most important thing in the life of a child is that its parents be happy. "And don't think for one minute you can feign happiness" warned Dr. Ott. "No amount of pretense and careful play-acting will fool a child. They sense when things are wrong."

Dr. Ott also warned against over-anxious mothers. "It is better for a child to be neglected than to have an anxious mother," she said. She also advised mothers to let themselves overflow into whatever channels they are capable of overflowing. For instance: if she happens to be a rather beautiful person who

tion of a Sodality, and all those interested will be welcomed if they will please notify Father O'Connell at the Mission.

dresses well, and her child appears to appreciate these things in her, let her spare no trouble to make herself more beautiful, her clothes more attractive. Or, if she plays the piano and the child is proud of its parent's talent; let the mother overflow with her music. Don't be niggardly about it.

Dr. Ott spoke for almost an hour, giving her talk simply and with no intricate, psychological patter. She gave the mothers and teachers present plenty to think about and they seemed to like her suggestions. —M.W.

MEN GETTING INTERESTED IN SPANISH DANCING

Carolita started her rumba class last Tuesday night at Ruth Austin's studio and, incidentally, started a minor blitzkrieg among some of the men (husbands of course) who were dragged there unwillingly by their wives only to discover that a rumba can be a great deal of fun and definitely not beyond their capacities as ballroom dancers. In fact, they loved it. The first group included Mrs. E. S. Hopkins and her son, Sam Hopkins; Mrs. Selby McCreery, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Law, Dr. and Mrs. Marshall Carter, Bud Todd, Betty Carr, and Mr. and Mrs. Byington Ford. Mrs. Estelle Montegale was present but didn't dance this time because of a slight injury to her foot.

Carolita, whose capabilities as a teacher of dancing were admirably demonstrated that night, will conduct rumba classes each Tuesday and Wednesday night at the Austin Studio. Anyone interested is advised to get in touch with Ruth Austin.

Pal, Carmel's Dog, Now Honorary Member of Tailwaggers' Club

Blessings on thee little wag,
Always wear this silver tag;
Should you ever chance to roam,
Tag will help you get back home!

This is to certify that Pal, a true and loyal friend of the citizens of Carmel-by-the-Sea, has been awarded an honorary life enrollment in the Tailwagger Foundation of America. His identification disk bears the number 42785.

Edith Frisbie is the one Pal should thank. Among the stuff she sent to her agent recently was a story about Pal which she sold to the Tailwagger magazine. It will appear in an early issue. The Tailwagger people, however, were so intrigued with the story that they decided to give Pal an honorary life-membership in their organization.

All pets with a tail are eligible to membership, no matter what part of the world they live in—and they can be just plain mutts for all the Tailwaggers care!

The club is designed to help all pets and their owners, and

the services are free to members who are urged to use them whenever confronted with a problem concerning their pet. Last year they helped restore more than 3000 lost dogs. Dog poisoners and dog-nappers are tracked down and prosecuted. Legislation affecting pets is carefully followed to preclude the enactment of unfair measures. Travel, shipping, boarding and hospitalization information is available free. During 1940 the Tailwagger Guide Dog Institute trained and presented 26 guide dogs to the blind. This work was carried on without cost of any nature to the men and women receiving these wonderful animals. Funds for this work are derived from the sale of institute memberships and contributions. It operates as a separate non-profit charitable corporation.

They are asking Pal to sign up a couple of his dog friends. Copy of the application is printed below. We have more in THE CYMBAL office if you wish them. Pal would like very much to break all records as a "recruiter."

NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS
TAILWAGGER FOUNDATION, 1322 N. La Brea, Los Angeles, Cal.

APPLICATION FOR MEMBERSHIP

Here is a new member for the club. Please enroll

(Name of dog) _____
as a life member of the TAILWAGGER FOUNDATION
Breed _____ Age _____
Color _____ Sex _____
Send Certificate and medallion to _____
Owner _____
Address _____
Telephone _____

I would like to donate \$_____ to the club.

LIFE FEE \$2.00—NO DUES
Correspondence and remittances should be addressed to
TAILWAGGERS—Los Angeles, Calif.

MARTIN IRWIN NOW HEADS SUNSET STUDENT BODY

Following the custom of electing student body officers twice a year, Sunset School voters chose

Martin Irwin for president, Tommy Hefling vice-president; Barbara Timmins, secretary, and Arthur Templeman, business manager.

The New Trend for Spring!

DRESSY CASUALS



\$4.95

Yes! Low heel pumps with your dress costumes!

Newer! Younger! Comfier!

Two of BLACK ELASTICIZED GABARDINE

with "sparkles" of PAT-ENT! You'll love them!

Seen in Mademoiselle

HOLMAN'S

Carmel Phone 1500—No Toll Charge